

An Autobiography
By J. Harold Powers

With an Historical Sketch
of the
Swift – Powers Ancestry
From the Year 1800

PREFACE

This is the first print edition of a book written by Professor J. Harold Powers in 1965. After his retirement from Central Michigan University, the Professor returned to several of his dormant hobbies, including oil painting and writing. This project - an autobiography and family history - was the result of encouragement by the Professor's children and grandchildren. After he completed the manuscript, he gave each of his children a typewritten copy in a red three-ring binder. The work was never previously published although many of the stories were retold in two of his later books: *Way Up North In York State* (published 1968) and *Pathways of Yesterday* (published 1969).

You'll find this manuscript in its original state, unedited and with all the character and personality of an original typewritten manuscript. I've enjoyed reading this work many times; it contains extensive information on family history that was not included in my Great Grandfather's published books. And of course, there are some great stories that aren't found elsewhere. I hope you'll enjoy reading this and share it with your family.

Brian Powers
March 2010

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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J. HAROLD POWERS.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

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- 1965 -

THE SWIFT - POWERS ANCESTRY
IN ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY
NEW YORK

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FOREWORD

Delving into the records of one's ancestry becomes usually a purely factual and statistical operation when it reaches further back in point of time than the era of the oldest living generation because the personal disappears into a maze of historical data best illustrated by the graph of a family tree.

Naturally because of this, few people have any knowledge of, nor interest in their forebears any further back than their grandparents with whom they have had some live contact, and the eras reaching back of this line become as remote and unreal as the age of Caesar, and the once dynamic personalities living in those days are reduced to the level of names and dates.

It is with this idea in mind - that many of these ancestors can be made to mean more than a name - more than a twig on the family tree - that I am attempting here to humanize some of them by an informal portrayal of their personal traits as I remember them or have learned about them through my parents or grand parents.

The particular eras here involved - the last half of nineteenth and the first two decades of the twentieth centuries hold a unique interest. Probably no comparable period in history ever witnessed so great an upheaval in mode of life as this social revolution - from the 'horse and buggy days' to the present mechanical age.

So, only an occasional reference to the family tree of the Swift branch of the family will be made, the graph to be found on another page, and I will begin with my grandmother, the great, great grandmother of the present, 1965 - generation of our grandchildren.

Chapter 1

The SWIFT - FOSTER Relationship

My grandmother, Aurilla Foster, daughter of Captain Shadrack Foster of the war of 1812, was born in 1829- (Schubert and Beethoven had just died the preceding years) one of a family of twelve. One of her brothers, Franklin, should be noted here as the two unmarried a brother and sister in the Swift family, she to Hiram Swift and he to Betsy Swift. Thus there was a very strong tie between the two families, with a set of double^{cross} in my mother's generation. The two farm homes lay on opposite sides of the road and the two houses still face each other as they have for over a century.

I stress my grandmother over my grandfather, Hiram Swift, as I never saw him and she lived until I had left home for teaching. Three children were born to them, Theodore in 1850, Francene in 1852 and Charlotte, my mother, in 1853. My mother was born in an old workshop on the place where the family had taken up temporary quarters after a fire destroyed the house.

It was in rebuilding the new house - the large brick structure that still stands on the site of the original homestead today - that Hiram Swift, through overwork, wrecked his health and died at the early age of forty one.

The house, a masterpiece of workmanship for its day, is still monument to his craftsmanship, for after a decade more than a century there is not a crack nor a sag in its brick walls, and that in a day when they had never heard of cement footings or walls,

It might be noted here that there was still another house predating the one that burned down, for Hiram Swift was the third generation to live on the place . His father was Harvey Swift and back of him was Levi to whom had been given the original grant from the English Crown thru the profligate Courtier to the King, to whom had been given the whole township of Parishville.

Grandmother used to relate to us the story of those early days, considerably prior to her actual memory of course, when this man Parish would pass by in his "coach and four" over corduroy leg roads of the forest with trumpeters riding horseback a head of him to announce his coming to the scattered, primitive farm homes along the wayside.

Grandmother, left a widow with three small children at the age of thirty three, sometime later married a Vermonter, William Fay, who came and took over the farm with her, and he was the only grandfather that I ever knew as a boy. He was somewhat older than she and when I was about ten years old he went back to Vermont to visit his daughter and died there.

While the latter part of her life reached well down into the era of comparative home comforts, Grandmother still clung to many of the homespun practices of the pioneer days. With her spinning wheel and its many accessories and appurtenances, the names of which I have now forgotten, she made all of her

own yarn and was a constant knitter, with her knitting always at the side of her favorite chair just in case she found a few minutes for recreation. Her technique always amazed me, for her needles would fairly fly while she carried on a flow of conversation apparently paying no attention to her work.

I learned to be quite wary about showing up at certain stages of her yarn's development or I would find myself seated in front of her with my arms held out with my open hands holding askein of yarn, a huge loop that she had just taken off the loom, while she wound it into a large ball. To me this operation ranked second only in boredom to turning the grind stone for my grandfather to sharpen his scythe.

When alone or with only a grandchild or two around, she would sing with a full clear voice, while busy with her house work, mostly hymns of the Lowell Mason type, music that she had learned in the "old singing school" back in the fifties. She had a prodigious memory and would quote poetry at length, mostly from Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and others of her literary heroes and contemporaries.

My mother, Charlotte, always called "Lottie" was the youngest of the three children and from early childhood was looked upon by the others as the 'genius' of the family. Of course I did not get this as direct first hand information but from conversations of aunts, uncles, and neighbors in my youth.

She taught two terms of school at fourteen years of age - there was no age limit for teaching - then attended the "Old Academy" which later became the Potsdam State Normal School from which I graduated. After teaching several years in St. Lawrence County, she went down to southern New York to teach in Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

While there she made use of an unusual talent for sketching and painting, and brought back books of sketches of the Washington Irving settings and paintings of the "Sleepy Hollow" region, locale of the Rip van Winkle stories. Many of these she allowed me to practically wreck thru much handling in an arduous attempt to copy them.

Mother was also an excellent amateur pianist - there were no aspirants to fame in those days as the day of stardom had not dawned.- and she helped all of the neighborhood youngsters to get a start in piano. I remember clearly the big Hardman "square" piano that took up the lions share of room in our quite sizeable living room. When not in use as a musical instrument it served as a barn beneath which we kept all of our toy animals. My brother Hime usually had the whole pedal system pre-empted as stalls for his many horses, and he yielded to occasional music needs only under parental pressure.

But mother's hope and goal, all the while she was teaching had been the new big house - to live there and rear a family at the old homestead. So, while her sister, Francene married married Alvedo Narber and went 'out west' to live in Ithaca, Michigan, and her brother, Theodore, went to New York as a young lawyer, Charlotte married James Powers, whom she had met while teaching in a near by town, and the two, pooling their meager savings from their several years of teaching, took over the Swift farm two miles out from Potsdam on the original Parishville road.

The big house was naturally adapted to a two family set up and my parents took the south half of the house and my grandparents the north side. The latter were quite happy to confine their farming activity from then on to a large garden and an interest in the community wood pile and the necessary dairy products.

However, my mother's high hopes of some degree of financial and agricultural success were early foredoomed to disappointment. Father was something of a dreamer, well read and keenly interested in the political activities of the time. His reading was confined to the best of literature - biography, philosophy, religion and politics of the day. I never knew him to read a novel or a story serial running in the paper.

As a farmer he went thru the motions, was physically rugged and a hard worker, but his mind was always in the above field. In matters of money he was wholly impractical. If he found himself short of cash, as was frequently the case, he would sell a cow without any young stock coming on to take its place or he would sell a ton of hay without any certainty of having enough to carry him thru the winter. Such a total lack of business sagacity on his part naturally distressed my mother and my earliest recollections of seeing her in tears, and the occasions were rare, was when she was trying to persuade him from some such deal.

However, in fairness to my father, it should be admitted that he himself worked under many handicaps. The farm, already under cultivation for four generations, and that without benefit of present day knowledge of soil conservation, was pretty well run down as a producing farm. This situation, together with the splendid "face" the house and lawns put up, leading the casual observer to expect much from the farm, all added up to the seeming futility of trying to make a success of the place, and father seemingly accepted the situation as something to be endured.

As I look back on the scene thru the perspective of years, it seems quite evident that this sense of futility on his part was greatly increased by the, probably unconscious attitude of the whole Swift family, whose temporary financial success seemed flouted before him in a way to increase his inferiority complex - a lone maverick planted in a neighborhood of generations of Swifts.

But this undercurrent of farm business anxiety rarely came to the surface and my advent into the world on a St. Valentine's day in 1882, to be followed in year and a half intervals by my brother Hiram, (HIME) and sister Mary, focused the attention of the household on family life, crowding the farm problems into the background.

So it was a good world, a grand home, and a happy era into which we three youngsters came.. There were no wars, nor rumors of war - the Civil War was a hazy memory to my parents, and the grandios Spanish- American war, when it did come in 1898, was little more than an occasion to get out the bands and welcome the conquering heroes to most people..

Altogether, it was a peaceful, community life, limited in its scope to neighborhood areas within a radius of not more than twenty miles - a long day's trek for a horse and buggy trip. In fact a neighborhood was a group of families thrown together by the haphazard lay of the roads and their junctions and by the associations of many generations of the same families. Usually two miles would be the outside limit, of a neighborhood. I shall have more to say on this topic in another chapter.

CHAPTER 2

THE POWERS AND LOUISVILLE

Once a year, after we three children were old enough to stand a tedious trip, our family would drive to Louisville, twenty miles away, to visit my father's parents. In the light of later experience with our own children, I wonder how my mother ever stood the four hour long journey in a practically springless "express wagon" drawn by slow, plodding horses, with three youngsters asking every five minutes if we were not most there.

But once there we had a glorious time and were made much of in this now childless home. The household then consisted of Grandfather, Grandmother, Uncle Will and Aunt Jenny. Uncle Will was the only one of the "boys" who stayed home to help run the farm. He never married and died in his early forties of what they then called rheumatism of the heart- in today's terminology, rheumatic fever. Aunt Jennie, father's twin, after I was old enough to attend the ceremony, married a neighbor, Jesse Mien, who was taken with pneumonia and died within ten days after their wedding. She returned home and took up her place in the household that she had briefly left.

Grand mother Powers was Susan Shoen of scotch-Irish descent, whose parents lived on one of the larger St. Lawrence River Islands. But from the time I can remember her she had yielded the running of the house to Aunt Jennie, tho she remained a kind of titular head of things.

Grandfather was a remarkable man, far outshining in business acumen, initiative and industry any of his six children.

I remember him clearly as a white bearded, black eyed, genial, quiet spoken man of quick action, even in his old age.

He lived to be eighty four as did Grandmother Powers and Grandmother Fay of Potsdam. Thus Dorothea and Dudley had three great grandparents living when they were born.

Grandfather lived a rather turbulent life for one of so quiet a disposition. At the coming of the great California gold rush in 1849, when he was just around twenty years of age, he joined the 'forty niners' and with just cash enough to pay his fare on a sailing vessel from Montreal, he left for California via Cape Horn, southern most point of South America, on what proved to be a most harrowing experience and a three month trip. This would look like the hard way to get there but it proved to be fully as short in point of time as the covered wagon approach via land - and much safer from Indians.

While Grandfather never had much to say about the strenuous experiences of those gold mining days, he could on occasion be coaxed into relating some of escapades in which he tried to remain a neutral onlooker only. A man's life was not worth a nickel if he was known to have on his person any amount of gold, nor if he was in any cause connected with the drunken brawls that were the chief forms of entertainment. Somehow or other he managed to return home with some five thousand dollars worth of gold. This was also in face of the fact that he, on his return trip, had to walk across the Isthmus of Panama with a crowd of the roughest kind of men, and take a chance on catching a ship home from the other side of the Isthmus.

Five thousand dollars was a lot of money in the eighteen fifties when much of the bartering was done thru the exchange of goods instead of cash, but grandfather's rise to affluence did not affect his good business sense. He used a part of his ready cash to build a lumber mill on the banks of the St. Lawrence river and, in those days of lumbering, did a thriving business, so thriving jealous competitor burned the mill. While this act could not be proven and fastened on the culprit, it was a community accepted fact.

After this disaster he salvaged what he could from the loss of the mill, cleared up his lumber business, bought the farm on the county road and built the big brick house that still stands there .

This change of locale was shortly after he married in 1857 and gave grandmother as a wedding gift the crotch mahogany dresser that we now have. Here his family of six children were born, in order of age, James, my father and Aunt Jennie, who were twins; Guy, father of Howard of Auburn; Frank, Will and John. But with six children, grandfather end up with just six grandchildren, a ration, if maintained would not keep the name going long. However, the next generation did a little better and totaled twelve, which represents my generation.

The name Henry Power should be noted here for he and his many brothers did not spell the name with the final "s" nor did his children except ~~and~~ John Powers and my father who I am sure allowed the matter to drift because more people pronounced it that way. Grandfather always insisted that Powers was the Irish Catholic branch of the name and Power the English

Our annual visits to Louisville were events in themselves to us children, increasing in interest as we grew old enough to be a bit adventurous about the place. Visits were timed to adapt themselves to the seasons when farmers were as nearly free from special tasks as farmers ever are - such as haying, harvesting, potato digging or threshing. we children were given carte blanche - the keys to the city so to speak but our own extreme timidity due to our farm rearing kept us from abusing the privileges thus extended to us.

Among the things I recall as to momentous interest to a boy of ten and a brother and sister still younger are; going to bed in a feather bed (mattress) which let the victim sink down practically out of sight or, as an alternate, sleeping on a corn husk filled bed tick, instead of our almost as primitive straw filled tick; playing endlessly one and two fingered tunes on the foot pumped reed organ, and, singing hymns from an extremely evangelical hymnal, even the words of which struck us as uproarously funny as we were brought up Episcopalians. Such sentimental bits of doggerel as "Papa, what would you take for Me" masquerading as a hymn, perhaps deserved our irreligious treatment, converting it into "Papa, what do you take me for". Again, going into the big parlor, always closed and the shades down, except for rare occasions, and there to climb up onto the hair cloth sofa or chair with its prickly texture and to look thru the family album or to use the stereopticon to see its many three dimensional pictures; or getting up early in the morning - one of us in turn - to ride to the milk factory with grandfather in the buckboard wagon drawn by old "Spot", the one safe horse On the premises.

The regular farm team were wild and ugly and got so they would start a stampede from the fields where they were working to the barns when the dinner bell was rung, so the practice of using the bell was discontinued. Likewise in the cowbarns were the same kind of wild dispositioned animals. We kids might have been exotic looking inhabitants from Mars just arrived on the scene judging from the way we were received by the cows whenever we walked into the milking barns, so unused were they to the sight of children. I do not know whether we felt flattered or insulted.

On occasions Uncle Frank, who was a travelling salesman - "drummer" in those days - for a New York Hat Firm, would be home for a visit and this meant high entertainment for us juveniles, for he was atypical 'drummer', urbane, sophisticated, jolly and full of tall stories for the entertainment of the crowd.

Uncle John, the youngest of the family and only twelve years older than I, was the only one to go into a profession. He graduated in Law from the University of Michigan, opened an office in Grand Rapids and became quite a prominent attorney there, climaxing his career by becoming Prosecuting Attorney of Kent County. After this several financial ventures went bad and he died a poor man at the age of sixty two.

No visit to Louisville would have been complete without a trip over to Uncle Guy's place on the St. Lawrence River, and the whole household would get into several buggies or carriages to make the five mile trip climaxed by a characteristic farm dinner of that era. Their home was on typical country road, following the curves and banks of the St. Lawrence where right here it was three miles across. For us 'land lubbers' it was a great treat to watch the Great Lakes ships going up and down the river.

The climax of some of these visits was to drive to Waddington (now three fourths under water since the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway) eight miles up the big River, and there to take one of the hourly ferries across to Canada and to feel that we had been out of the United States - travelling in a foreign country - and consequently quite sophisticated. I remember writing in my diary that I had travelled eighty five miles in five days,

Came time for our departure for home again, when all the 'good byes' were said, Grandfather, on shaking hands with us, would leave something cold in our palms which, on pecking, we would find it to be a silver dollar. I think it must have been the profound feeling of wealth resulting from this that makes a silver dollar today feel like a symbol of much greater value than a dollar bill. Anyway, we kids insisted on carrying them in our hand all the way home, squeezing them so hard that the eagle on them could have squealed.

The two Louisville households that I have described remained intact and in good condition till well into my teaching days. My father was visiting us in Moorhead when Dorothea was about a year old when he received a wire saying that Uncle Will had died suddenly of a heart attack, and father left at once to take over Uncle Will's place on the farm. Both of his parents were in their eighties and within a few years after father's return there, they passed away just a few months apart.

This left father and Aunt Jennie alone and in charge of the farm. Grandfather had deeded the place to Uncle Will and Aunt Jennie and upon the death of Will, it all went to Jennie as it should after a lifetime of hard work on the place. Some form of legal or tacit agreement between father and Aunt Jennie was enacted, to run the farm together, share and share alike with the survivor to take all

with the survivor to inherit everything. However, father who never liked nor willingly accepted responsibility and had been pleasureably looking upon himself as an old man since he was fifty, found the management of the farm a burden and irksome and somehow - I fear thru some threat of leaving Aunt Jennie alonewith the farm - persuaded her to sell the place. This was a heroic sacrifice on her part, as it was the only home tha she had ever known and both of them were approaching sixty. The place was finally sold for \$12,000, a very good price for 1920. For no understandable reason whatsoever they (he) bought a few acres of land with a house not as good as the one they sold, in the little town of Liverpool just outside of Syracuse. Neither of the#knew a soul within a radius of twh hundred miles and it is quite certain that sheer loneliness hastened by several years years Aunt Jennie's death which occurred about four years after this last move.

One other event, timed almost simultaneously with this last episode, about completes the exodus of the Powers from Louisville. Uncle Guy and Howard who had stayed home and gone into farming with his father, sold their farm on the river and bought a large farm just out of Auburn, New York where Howard and two of the four sons nowlive, with three of them married and living in that general area.

Thus we will leave the Louisville branch of the family and go back to Potsdam to my childhood days on the farm in the "gay nineties"

The last decade of the nineteenth century has been facetiously referred to as the "gay nineties" ever since the turn of the century the name carrying with it a certain implied stigma of rustic provincialism. the rather flippant reference to this era must have sprung from the envious and nostalgic backward glances of those who had to face the responsibilities of the next two decades, involving the change from this care free time to the mechanized age and the readjustment to World War one.

Eighteen hundred ninety found me a boy of eight with Hime and Mary two spaces behind, living on a farm in Northern New York, an area hemmed in by the St. Lawrence River abd Canada on the north and the Adirondack Mountains, then referred to as the Great South Woods, then impenetrable as far as roads were concerned. The foothills began to rise not far from our house and the Great Woods extended clear down to the Mohawk Valley, a hundred and fifty miles away. There was no access to this south area except the one railroad that skirted the Lake Ontario shore to the west and swung up thru Potsdam and on to Massena on the St. Lawrence. Of course there were a few meandering roads, sand rutted or rocky, that wound around the foothills between neighboring cross road towns, but this St. Lawrence valley, extending from Lake Ontario on the west to Lake Champlain and Vermont on the east had been almost a civilization in itself until the coming of the steam train, and even after this there were many inhabitants who were born, lived and died, without stepping out of St. Lawrence County. except to cross the river to Canada on occasions.

In spite of these terrible roads, of sand, stones and hills, traffic by our home was very active for those days. Parishville, nine miles up into the hills and nine hundred feet higher, was a

Lumbering center-center for all of that woods area, and beginning in the early forenoon every day, came a scattered procession of horse drawn wagons piled high with the milled lumber - fifteen to twenty loads all going to Potsdam for train shipment to other parts of the state and all coming back empty in mid afternoon. this, plus the dozen or so farmers living beyond us, driving to town in horse and wagon outfits, kept a pretty regular flow of traffic by the house. In fact, instead of present day warnings to children to "stop and look both ways for cars" we were cautioned to "watch out for run away teams " when we were playing in the sand in the middle of the road. this being about the only hazzard possible.

A vivid contrast in respect to signs of life and activity then and now, was brought out in a recent visit I made to this scene a few years ago. The old road which was the main road to Parisville then, has been by-passed a couple of miles to the west by a fine highway leading up and thru the Adirondacks. Here, many if not most of the farms have been abandoned and what were open fields or pasture are grown up to underbrush. I stopped the car near the old place just to watch and listen. There was not a sight nor sound of human life discernable - no farmers in the field, no horses nor cows in the pastures, not a vehicle came in sight while we sat there for half an hour, just a silence like the "primeval forests". As we drove down the roads where we used to drive our cows to pasture, now a narrow lane with brush right up to the car, a deer stood in the middle of the lane, calmly eating, an unheard of thing in the days of which I am writing. The answer to this situation of course lies in the fact that modern transportation made the younger generations aware of the larger possibilities of the "outer world" with which these poor, unproductive farms could not compete nor

nor offer any inducement to them to stay home and carry on a hard fight for a mere sustenance.

But back to our care free days again - one of our favorite play spots was down to the brook that crossed the road about a city block from the house . Here we would build a dam of sods, and stones at a natural bottle neck in the stream and raise the level of the water to waist depth, resulting in a pond that reached well back under the bridge where we docked our watercraft for the nights. Then, with a little help from Grandfather Fay, who was a carpenter by trade, we would construct and launch a raft apiece made from fence rails and waste lumber about the place. Each raft would support one boy if he was agile enough to shift his weight occasionally and rapidly if one side started sinking. We propelled the craft with long poles , pushing against the bed of the stream. If the poles stuck in the mud our balance was gone and we would , as frequently happened, land with a splash in the pond. I recall one occasion when a group of teamsters were crossing the bridge above us when Hime gave a mighty heave to display his prowess, and fell in. The men thought that I, having a wet pole in my hand, must have pushed him in and they began yelling "push him in, push him in" until Hime caught the spirit of the mob and did as urged, much to the satisfaction of his audience.

A little further down the meandering brook - about four curves further- was what we called the 'deep hole' which I suppose was all of three feet deep

Anyway the water was so dark that we could not see bottom which made it seem deep. This was the real 'swimming hole'.

An older cousin of ours was visiting us and we took him down to try the hole, telling him that it was very deep. He took us at our word without any investigating on his part and dived in to show us a perfect dive. Luckily his hands struck mud before his head did but he came up with his hair full of mud and quite disgusted with our estimated soundings.

During heavy rains and spring floods this little brook with its source up in the big hills, would overflow its banks and become a torrent across the road on either side of the bridge, flooding the low meadows for many acres. In the winter such a flood followed by a sudden freeze would create vast ice fields from beneath which the water soon receded, leaving skating areas literally miles in extent. It was on these skating areas that we depended for our winter sports.

The Dains hill, about an eighth of a mile long, fairly steep, and heading toward the brook and sometimes into it, was our pet coasting and toboggan slide. It was a challenge to our steering ability to aim right to make the gateway we had formed by taking down a section of fence. Also even more challenging was an open spring of really cold water for which our sleds seemed to have a natural affinity and we often had to tumble off our sleds just in time to avoid a dunking on a zero day.

Our natural playmates as small youngsters in all of these out of door sports were the two Dains girls, Florence and Zina, and Grace Foster. Not until I was twelve and we began going to the Poytsdam Normal Training School did Hime and I have boy friends who ventured out to play with their 'country cousins' on week ends.

But all was not play for us, even when we were quite young. Thru some queer quirk in real estate ventures, a pasture of fifty acres had been purchased as an adjunct to the main farm, just one mile to the gate from our barn. The cows, a dairy of around twenty, had to be driven there in the morning and gone after in late afternoon. When Hime was five and I was seven this no small job fell to us. The dairy had to be driven down a main road past two farms, always with open gates, an invitation to any cow to leave the beaten path for new fields of adventure. One of us would run ahead to defend the post as a possible tempting exit while the other stayed behind to prod the herd along. The real test of a seven year old cow puncher came when our dairy met another farm's herd of the same size coming to their pasture. To get twenty cows thru another herd all bent on integration - to keep them all moving in the right direction takes a real understanding of cow psychology as each animal seems possessed to 'get lost' in the wrong herd, But somehow we always got them thru safely and into their own lane and the bars up for the day.

The way home was much more liesurely. Usually we rode part of the way on imaginary horses in the form of a long stick with a rope on the end of it for reins. This we straddled and rode madly by spurts, varying the process at times by using long strings for lines, one being the horse and the other the driver with whip in hand but which the rules of the game forbad using.

Always we were attended by our little dog 'Skip'. He was a fairly good cow dog and would nip the heels of a cow and be out of the way of a retroactive kick before the cow knew what had happened. Consequently the herd had a considerable respect for his bark while on the road. But 'skippy' was wholly and provokingly irresponsible to duty when we sent him up in the pasture to get the cows moving

down the lane . We would be sitting on the fence waiting for action on his part when we would hear his voice off in some stone wall fence where he had cornered a wood chuck. I recall once going to his aid and lifting a few stones so that he could get at the woodchuck. He made short work of it and insisted on carrying the dead animal that was a third as large as he was, back home, a full mile to show it to the rest of the family to have his prowess praised.

Once in a while when it came time to go for the cows for the return trip home, someone would hitch up old "Kit", a perfectly safe white horse, to the 'sulky', a two wheeled just right for two small youngsters, with the seat up so close to the horse that you could pat him and with a place for the feet like a basket - something like the racing sulkies that you see at the horses races today. Then off in this rig Hime and I would go at a swift pace of four miles per hour. Not infrequently we rode in this same outfit to the little red school house, visable from our house. When we got there we would turn Kit around headed toward home and send her driverless back to the barn where she would wait for someone to unharness her. We also rode Kit bareback at a gait not faster than a walk. It was on one of these dare devil rodeo events that I was riding her and Hime, thinking that a little action would enliven things, swished a small whip that he had in his hand. Kit reacted to this by increasing her speed about 10% and the psychological effect on me was so great that I fell off and as luck would have it, broke my arm, which kept it in a sling for all summer. A picture in the paper today of Watertown, just fifty miles from Potsdam, buried in a snowfall of fifty inches, reminds me of the real snow storms that only Northern New York can furnish

A glance at the map showing Lake Ontario just a few miles to the west with the prevailing winds westerly, and with the Adirondacks to the east for a perfect condenser, this region is by nature booked for excessive snow fall, and no story is too "tall" for credulence for anyone who has lived there,

In the ten years that we drove to the Normal School at Potsdam, I doubt if there was ever a winter that traffic did not have to leave the road altogether and strike out into the open fields to get around the impassable sections where the snow was level with the tops of fences. Other more favored spots where we could stay in the road or at least between the fences would be a succession of 'pitch holes' or 'kiss me quicks' - holes in the packed snow, dug deeper by each passing sleigh or 'cutter'. Those that were deep enough would stop the sleigh at the bottom, also the horse who would have to give an extra hard tug to pull it out only to have it drop down immediately into the next one. These were naturally quite some impediments to fast travel, and we could count upward of a hundred between our house and town.

A favorite way of breaking out the roads after a bad storm was for the various farmers each to fasten a large kettle, primarily used in butchering hogs, to the rear of the heavy bob sleds and with a team of horses rugged enough to stand the load, strike out into the drifts with the kettle clearing the track for one runner and the other on the return trip. The added weight of one child meant little to the total load and we used to take turns riding in the Kettle.

"CHORES"

As I have said before, all was not play in the life of a small boy on a farm in those days. Such common place chores as filling the wood box for the kitchen stove at night, filling the water tank at the rear of the stove, carrying water for all drinking purposes from across the road on the Foster place, or perhaps helping make the beds or wiping dishes on a salary basis of five cents a week - these were the run of the mill chores that were to be expected and accepted.

But the big promotion in type of work came when father said he would let us try helping him in the milking. We hailed the beginning of this new work with great acclaim but our enthusiasm was short lived when we found that once we had demonstrated our ability in this line, the job was ours for life. But it was with great zest that we jumped out of bed that first cold morning and bundled up to go out to the barns with father. We carried our own lanterns in case we had to separate, and after stopping to feed the horses their hay, we moved on to the cow barns. There, after feeding the whole dairy their hay, a move, I believe, to keep the cows attention off the milking process, we were each assigned a cow to practice on, docile animals, about at the end of their milking season and so nearly 'dried up' that our first efforts could do them no harm. We knew the theory, but in milking as in other activities, only practice makes perfect. and our sure but slow efforts were not to well received by the cows. After the usually allotted time for milking, my cow decided to quit and started to lie down on the job. Fortunately her decisions and movements were slow enough so that I had ample time to get out from under and I had only my injured feelings to contend with.

However, our milking technic developed fast and by the summer that we were eight and ten we had stepped into our quota of cows, three or four apiece, and from that time on until we finished school this, to me, very irksome task hung over our heads like a nemesis, controlling the timing of all other activities. Particularly, as we grew into our late teens, with many musical and other types of dates down town, did it become a thorn in the flesh.

But we made the best of a bad situation and managed to mix play with work most of the time. One of our pet deviations from the routine milking process was to get our dog 'Skippy' to sit up on his haunches and let us milk in his mouth. He delighted in it and became so expert in the act that he would follow the deviating course of the stream of milk that he never mussed a whisker. This was a dog of many talents and was always with us. On a trip to the garden one day to dig potatoes for dinner, we devised a 'share the work' scheme for Skip. We would stick our fingers in a hill of potatoes and make what looked like a mouse hole, show it to Skip and say "sick 'em" and potatoes started flying thru the air between his back legs as he dug furiously for an imaginary mouse and all we had to do was to pick them up. This worked until our mother did a little Sherlock Holmes work to find out how the potatoes got all scratched up ..

As a kind of inducement to us to feed the calves father would give each of us a calf that we could call our own. This was in name only as I have no recollection of ever selling them. A calf, by nature, is not an ideal pet as they are headstrong and muscular. We devised some form of rope halter and lead them around all over the place, tho technically they were leading us most of the time. We decide to go one step further and hitch them up as a team to our express wagon. After spending days on fixing up a sort of harness, we managed to

hold them long enough to get them fastened to the wagon, one on each side of the wagon 'tongue'. I held them at their heads while Hime climbed onto the drivers seat, got hold of the lines and as I released them he gave them the word to go, 'giddap'. This was not really necessary as the apparently docile team, once they felt the wagon running close to their heels, lit out on an unhibited speed 'binge' a run -away of no mean proportions. At the first of their fast curves around the yard, Hime was ignominiously dislodged from the drivers seat and crawled to safety before their return circuit. Coming up the sandy hill from the bridge were half a dozen teams with their loads of lumber with their drivers walking beside their loads. They were just in time to witness the proceedings and I am not at all sure that the scene was not timed by the actors for just such an audience. Anyway, they were a responsive audience and they guffawed and shouted in glee at the side show and told us to try it again tomorrow. Similar to this calf episode was our one and only adventure with a goat. Our cousin, Hime Swift was staying with us while his parents were in New York for the winter, had acquired a goat and cart and when he left he 'generously' gave the goat to Hime and me. Our father was quick to disclaim any interest in nor assistance with such a bumptious pet. But our mother, probably feeling that a 'boy and his goat' was akin to a boy and his dog, volunteered to give it a try and to help us out in taming the little brute. It happened that anything that wore skirts was anathema to Billy and altho he was not much bigger than a collie dog he was a ball of fire and the buntiest goat alive. At the first attempt at bearding the lion in his den, mother, fortified by the "hired girl" entered the pen where he was kept loose, harness in hand and after a brief attack, in which Billy tore up both aprons pretty badly, one of them got him by the horns in which position he was comparatively harmless.

while the other got the harness on him. Then leading him out, one on each side of his head, they got him securely hitched to his cart, one of us probably Hime, climbed onto the drivers seat, reins in hand and was off. Once hitched to the cart and the driver seated close up behind him, Billy was quite docile and responsive to the driver's wishes, unless he was emotionally disturbed. One particular breakdown in his good behavior record occurred when one of us out driving, back from a short ride, when what should catch his eye but the "hired girl" (a horrid name but the accepted terminology in those days, implying no particular stigma as to social status) carrying a pail of water from the pump. In spite of the driver's 'goatmanship', pulling on the lines did little to check his charge, and the girl, hearing him get closer and closer, turned and threw the wholepail of very cold water in his face, which cooled him off enough so that we had no trouble getting him into the barn and into his stall.

But such hectic procedures could not become a daily event and have a happy family life maintained, so the goat 'era' was only two weeks in duration, and Billy was given away "free gratis" to some unsuspecting but older friend in town.

CHAPTER 4THE TEEN AGE YEARS

I hesitate to use the above heading for it was not a commonly used term in those days, certainly not bandied about by society at large and in newspaper headlines as representing a problem period, an age of vandalism and vagrancy that are forced on our attention today.

Children then were more of an integral part of the family life, both in work and play and, as I have touched upon before, on a farm it was easy to find work adaptable to all ages, and these duties we took on as a natural part of our daily life.

As a self imposed problem in arithmetic, Hime and I figured out that from the time we were six until we were sixteen, we had driven cows to and from pasture - two round trips a day for us - five months a year for ten years, amounting to approximately 6,000 miles, or a round trip to California. Likewise in recreation and play, many events took in whole families.

My mother organized what came to be known as the "Friday Night Club" meeting bi monthly on that night, taking in five or more old families, who had lived on the home farm for three or four generations, making the circuit of each of the homes during the winter,

While no one there would probably have admitted it, there was definitely an "aristocracy" among these old families based entirely on length of 'tenure' in the neighborhood. The 'Johnnies Come Lately' renters and new purchasers were just friendly acquaintances.

At these gatherings old and young took part in games like "teakettle", not unlike the TV "I've Got a Secret" - shouting Proverbs, or Charades. The young crowd, on their own initiative, would get together during the weeks and work up a play - some of the William Dean Howell's Farces like "The Mouse Trap" and

present it for the edification of the elders.

State Normal Training School Days

This particular point in our lives is quite an apt place to start a new chapter for it was a complete change in our educational set up. Until now we had attended a typical country district school with our mother as teacher during the two years that she had agreed to teach. She was a graduate of the Potsdam Normal School and had taught some ten years prior to her marriage, in several different parts of the state.

Now we were transplanted to the Normal Training school in town and it was an exciting experience for us with its formalized, routineized procedures. Each of the four grades in the assembly room marched to and from their respective class rooms down a long hall for every change of subjects and teachers - five or six a day - to the step of marches played by the school's best young pianists, with monitors placed along the line of march to see that proper order was maintained..

However, beneath this seeming appearance of austerity, there was a warm, friendly atmosphere. Here at our daily morning exercises in the assembly room, we started the day with a short religious exercise, predominantly hymn singing.. Then perhaps we would turn our attention to the group learning of some of the notable poems and excerpts from the great poets- Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes or Emerson. Each Monday morning there was written on the black board some famous stanza which we copied in a note book used for that purpose only, and then read aloud in unison. With a daily reading of this for a week, along with other poems, it was expected that it would be memorized within the week, which we seldom failed to do

This memorization program was "right up my alley" for I seemed to have a photostatic memory and with one or two readings it was mine for good. This, barring the simple elements of reading and arithmetic, has been the most valuable asset to me of any acquired during pre high school days. I still have these select poems stashed away in my subconscious that I can bring to the surface any time, in their entirety. I remember reciting in our weekly "Rhetoricals" when I was fourteen, Bryant's "Thanatopsis", a full page poem in blank verse, grammatically involved and rather morbid for an eighteen year old poet to have written.

At the end of the four years in this Intermediate or Grammar school, we emerged into and merged with the Normal School itself, in a very loose way as far as definite status as to exact grades or credit is concerned. It was called merely "Preparatory Course" with no particular point of demarcation as to when one became a true Normalite.

In my own case it took six years to graduate from Normal which would be about the equivalent of today's four year high school, and two of Junior College work. But during these six years I also finished and got a diploma from the Crane Institute of Music, all of which jumble would give an accrediting agency in a college of today a real head ache. This I found painfully true when I came to get my BA degree from the University of Southern California several years after I had been teaching.

A few words should come here about Miss Crane, the founder, head and owner of the Crane Institute of Music.

Julia E. Crane, born in Potsdam, was a member of the first graduating class of the Normal, which also included my mother, in 1869. From all reports of that day, Miss Crane had an exceptional singing voice and, after graduating, went to New York City and studied several

years with some celebrated private teachers of the time, which was the only way of getting a musical education for there were no schools of music in the country. She came back to Potsdam and was induced to become a member of the faculty and to set up the first formal course in music in any schools of New York state.

At about this time General Merrit, who in my days was the 'grand old man' of Potsdam and president of the governing board of the Normal, had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James in London, and thru his instrumentality, Miss Crane was given a "Command Performance" to sing before Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

This was a high honor to anyone and it gave Miss Crane increased prestige at home and about the state. But this did not alter her fixed purpose - to pioneer in making music a respected and accepted member in the educational programs of all schools in the country. To cite how well she succeeded I might mention that at the time I was graduating from her then famous school she had graduates teaching in every state in the Union except four. During my last spring there when I was in the field for a job Miss Crane called me in and showed me a letter and said that if I was interested she would recommend me for the place. I do not think that she really expected me to consider it seriously for it was in Silver City, New Mexico, and in that day and particularly in the east, it might as well have been in South Africa or Australia. When I showed considerable hesitancy about it she smiled understandingly and said she would try to find someone whose home was in the middle west for so distant a job.

An isolated case to show Miss Crane's tact and persuasive powers, she made an appointment with the curriculum officials at Yale University and at a personal visit there persuaded them to be the first major University in the country to establish a department of music

After four years of music under Miss Crane in the intermediate school, I could read nearly anything in vocal music and carry a clean part cut part. This was a real asset to me when I moved up into the Normal proper. I was sixteen, my voice had changed and settled, but I was nevertheless bowled over when the male quartet of the school, quite outstanding and very popular, asked me to try out with them for the baritone part soon to be vacant. I rehearsed with them once, most of the music new to me, and was accepted for the place without more ado. to my great joy. The other three were four years older than I but they never made me feel that I was a juvenile but accepted me at face value as one of the group. The quartet's services were in strong demand and except for school functions, we always sang for pay, on occasions ranging from funerals to church gatherings, minstrel shows and political campaigns, in a county wide area.

After two years with this quartet, the other three graduated and I never saw any of them again. To follow along this same line of thought without waiting for the two year interim, male quartet number two comes into the scene and needs a little special attention. I was now enrolled in the Crane Institute definitely committed to the field of music teaching. Here four of us young fellows, all town (local) men - all studying voice with Miss Crane and assistants, - got better acquainted and discovered that we had all the distinctive types of voices for a perfect quartet. Quickly characterized they were: First tenor, Leland (Doc) Botsford, of a Caruso build, and a thrilling high 'C' for solo work, Second tenor, Harry Manley, typical lyric tenor, with a penchant for 'close harmony', My own was a light baritone of good blending qualities and the Basso, Howard Bryant, with a phenomenal voice, who would follow the tenor to his top notes as an occasional stunt during rehearsals while the rest of us stood around agog - almost unbelieving our ears

We all graduated in 1904 and went our several ways which we so divergent that they are worth mentioning. Doc Botsford went to New York city to take up medicine and at the very first acquired a side line as soloist in a large Jewish Synagogue at the then fabulous pay of twenty five dollars a Sunday -or whatever day it is that they celebrate - Ultimately he practiced medicine in and around New York and died at fifty.; After a few months I learned that Harry Manley had gone to South Africa in connection with an American oil company development there. He married the daughter of a general of the Boer War, made a lot of money, came back and went to New Mexico to live. The bass with a phenomenal voice went to Paris to study with a noted French teacher, who diagnosed his voice and being a dramatic tenor and made a top flight singer out of him. I completed the exodus and landed that Fall in Minnesota for my first teaching job.

To return from this long digression from the main line of narration, I want to make brief mention of the several other musical associations in which I was involved. One such was the Episcopal Trinity Church which, thru the auspices of the Clarkson family with its great wealth, had an 'imported' English organist for the very fine pipe organ and as the choir master. This man pupil of two of England's most celebrated church composers, Sir John Goss and Sir John Stainer, this latter being the composer of The Crucifixion. This man, with his considerable prestige and

native ability, built up a choir of sufficient repute to attract the best local singers in town - men of course as this was a men and boys choir. Hime and I were in it from the start with this organist. My voice had just changed so that I had a decent bass, and Hime was still a boy soprano and at the peak age for excellence in boy singers. He became one of the principal soloists with the full voice of a woman singer, not a child voice. I can still recall him in some of the solos he sang in Te Deums and other liturgical numbers, by no means easy.

Trinity Church, under Dr. Kirby used what is known as the 'Low Church ritual' as opposed to the High Church, closely resembling the Roman Catholic in outward forms. There was no carrying the cross in processions, no altar boys, no crossing oneself at every turn in the chancel and no intoning of the service by the minister-never priest.

One special service that I remember distinctly was the occasion when Hime, Mary and I -along with many others - joined the church. Bishop Doane of Albany officiated at this confirmation service. He was then an old man in the service and in years, and was probably the most widely known and highly revered Bishop in the entire Episcopalian hierarchy. I still recall, at this confirmation service, his impressive tones as he moved down the line of those kneeling, and placing his hands on the head of each in turn uttered the words, "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child, with Thy Heavenly Grace, until he come into Thine everlasting Kingdom" However, outside the church he was, to the casual observer, quite eccentric in his demeanor, For street wear he wore the baggy knee breeches, a long 'Prince Albert style of coat and a three cornered hat ala George Washington -all probably in keeping with the typical English 'Vicar' but a little hard to accept on first sight in 1897, but nobody grinned or stared

After relating all of these 'sideline interests' which naturally called for some time in the way of rehearsal and the necessary driving into town for night rehearsals, it might be wondered how there was any time left for regular study. But somehow I managed to distribute my time to the subjects of Greatest interest to me (outside of music) like English literature, essay writing and the more demanding ones like latin, German and mathematics. In the case of the subjects that I disliked, botany and biology, I was glad to settle for a 'C'

Our social life in our late teens at the turn of the century still centered around the neighborhood group altho we were all attending the Normal. Only rarely was a 'down towner' invited to join our 'club'. The 'state occasion' among the many that I recall was a very special Party given for us by an older cousin, Mable Foster, who lived across the road from our place on a most auspicious date - New Years Eve of 1900, which was also New Years Eve of the twentieth century. I think that even at our age, we all felt something of the momentousness of the occasion - the idea that none of us would ever see another so significant a New Years.

Our mother, whose health had never been robust, began to show signs of weakening that worried the doctor as well as the family so that in 1898 the Powers and Foster families combined their limited financial resources and had a cottage for dual family occupancy built for us at Sterling, a small lake in the Adirondacks, hoping that a long summer's rest cure would improve our mothers condition as well as Mable Foster's.

However, when we were once moved in for the summer, there was no feeling of 'pending gloom' in the atmosphere and the

'rest cure patients' were cheerful and active, taking part in all but the more rigorous activities. The Austins, close friends of the family, young and old, followed suit and built another two family cottage next to ours and it was a hilarious heyday for the young generation, their first camping experience in the fabled Adirondacks.

Sterling lake was a small, round lake, set deep among the high, wooded hills surrounding it. The shore line where we were was rugged - big rocks, little rocks, some rising well above the surface and others submerged - all forming a kind of "Scylla and Charybdis" for those trying to make a boat landing in unfamiliar areas, but each family managed to find a suitable channel to steer their boats in for landing.

These boats themselves were of a species seldom seen today - they were real St. Lawrence river boats, twenty feet long, seating eight people and having two sets of oars - made especially to meet rigorous demands made on any boat attempting to navigate the swift currents of the St. Lawrence river. After doing reasonable service in the big river, these boats were "retired" touched where needed and resold for use on the inland lakes and rivers, still sturdy easily manoueverable and thus ideal for family use. When swimming we we could pull ourselves in from the side, scarcely tipping it at all. As the only real good beach was on the opposite side of the lake from the cottages, the boat saw constant service,

The only cleared place in the woods was at the point of arrival where a settler, I can't call him a farmer, had a log house and a barn and he had cleared the land for some distance up the hill for a pasture and small farm crops.

Here some of us early risers would row the boat over for

items for the day's larder - milk at five cents a quart, home made bread for a dime a loaf, a dozen of eggs for ten cents or a twelve inch raspberry pie at the same price, All other forms of food had to be toted in when we came except on rare occasions, some lake dweller would drive in to Parishville and shop for the whole crowd.

Getting up to Sterling was no simple event. At the best estimate of those who were the best guessers, the distance from our house was (and is) fifteen miles but as the lake is a thousand feet higher than the home start, it was a long, steady pull up over roads of sand varying in depth from two to six inches or over solid base of smooth rock. As the average speed for horse and buggy travel was four miles per hour, this difficult climb was far under par and five hours was a good record for the 'up' trip with a speedy four hours on the return trip

Getting back to the lake again, besides the usual lake activities - swimming and casual boating,- there was very good fishing at rockiest area where a small inlet emptied into the lake. and as the lake had never been "fished out" there was always a lively response to a baited hook.

On occasions there was an "off grounds" trip taken for those who could stand the climb - a three mile walk thru a woods that was doubtless an original stand of timber, to St. Regis Falls. The woods itself had no visible path, but well distanced trees were notched with an axe to help keep non-woodsmen on the trail.

The Falls themselves were mostly a tumbling mass of forming water running over and thru a sloping rock area with not more than a twenty foot drop. Just above the falls was a swinging wire bridge with a cat walk of boards woven into the wires with a tight wire for a hand guide.

On our first trip over this trail our small dog, a spaniel, called "Skip", went along and going thru the woods played an active part with long reconnoitering side trips in search of big game, fearlessly but without success, but his encounter with a swinging bridge was another matter, far too risky for him.

With some of us taking the lead and coaxing him to follow and with others bringing up the rear to bolster his courage, we finally got half way across. But when he saw the rushing waters six feet below and felt the bridge teetering, he lay down flat on his stomach, spreading his four feet out flat to increase his center of gravity and refused to budge. We did the natural thing and the two nearest picked him up and carried him.

On the return trip however, he had taken time to do a little thinking and at the outset refused to let us pick him up as he had evidently made other plans. We all crossed the bridge calling persuavely for him to follow, all to no avail. Rather he started to cross by himself on some well spaced stones a few feet up stream from the bridge while we all gave him encouraging calls.

Half way across he missed a stone that was too round or slippery and fell into the fairly swift water that carried him to and over the falls or rapids. Some of us got down in time to wade out and nab him as he passed by - as scared, damp dog perfectly willing to be carried. Of course incidents like this are magnified out of all proportion to their part in the day by day activities. One custom that we came to practice on all still evenings was for all of the lake dwellers to go out to the center of the lake in boats or canoes, mass together, each holding on to the side of the next boat forming a solidly bound Flotilla

and there we would sing old songs and hymns in parts, from sunset to dark

But summers at the lake lasted for four years at the most. Any improvement in our mother's health was temporary and by 1901 she was unable to go. After a long four years resisting the onslaught of tuberculosis, a disease about which doctors still knew little as to curative processes, and was ravaging the country like the plague, she died in January of 1902.

This was the beginning of the general upheaval referred to earlier the breaking up of the family. During the trying years of our mother's long illness, our father had gone hopelessly in debt, and did not care, seeing no solution to it all. So, very shortly after the funeral he went down to see Uncle 'Thode' - Judge Swift, who practically owned the place thru mortgages - to make some kind of a settlement which amounted to his signing over all rights to the place without any further recompense - just an escape for him to get out from under the unbearable, to him, burden of the farm. In fairness to him, Uncle 'Thode' did offer to sell the place back to him if Hime and I would go into the deal and together, take over the place, at a price of \$4800.00 This was of course a give away price as the house alone had cost that to build, to say nothing of a 170 acre farm with the barns and dairy thrown in. The offer appealed to Hime but I wanted nothing to do with farming so the offer was passed up.

Father at once decided on another 'escape' from reality - to get away to greener pastures and more remote fields to find a job. To find the best spot he must have put his finger on the map of northern New York which spot happened to be small town of Lowville, a town that he nor any of us had ever really heard of and he left without further ado, with the idea, I suppose, was to leave the family for the Swifts to take care of.

Mary Miller furnished me with this little episode just recently. It seems that Dr. McKay who had been our mother's doctor for years and the constant attendant during her last year, went to see Uncle Thode and said to him, "Thode, who is going to take care of that family, and finish educating them, you or I?" to which there was but one normal answer. As Hime Swift had been biding his time when he could move onto the farm, Uncle Thode offered Grandmother, who held a life tenure to her half of the house, a three year rental to a good house in town, with sufficient monthly funds to take care of Mary and me and a housekeeper for Grandmother, and the plan was agreed upon and put into operation at once. The reason that Hime was seemingly left out of the plan was that he had arranged to go to Cornell University at Ithaca, New York for a year's short course in farming, a field that held his chief interest still. This move repayed him well for the future work that he was to do. That was however, a hectic winter for his and our peace of mind, for Cornell went thru the worst epidemics of typhoid fever in its history, but he came thru unscathed. So, Mary and I with Grandmother and her old 'maid of all work' that had been with her for years, moved into town into a very nice house on ^{two} upper Main Street - just ~~houses~~ from Miss Crane's home. and, with old Prince, our one remaining horse and a very presentable carriage ensconced in a typical 'town' barn, we were all set for what was to be my best set ^{up} for arduous study that I had known. As this whole account of the Powers- Swift families has progressed, it has by its very nature evolved into a purely auto-biographical sketch of the narrator and will have to continue as such from this point on



James Harold Powers
1904 Graduation Photo, Potsdam Normal



Mary Phebe (Brainard) Powers
c1890s, Osage, Iowa



Lucy Aurilla (Foster) Swift - Fay
c1890s, Potsdam, NY



Charlotte (Swift) Powers
c1890, Potsdam, NY



Theodore Hiram Swift
c1890, Potsdam, NY



Mary (Perkins) Swift
c1890, Potsdam, NY



Hiram Swift Home, Built c1853
Potsdam, NY



Hiram Swift Home, Built c1853
Potsdam, NY



Benjamin Franklin Foster Home
Potsdam, NY



Norman Swift Home
Potsdam, NY



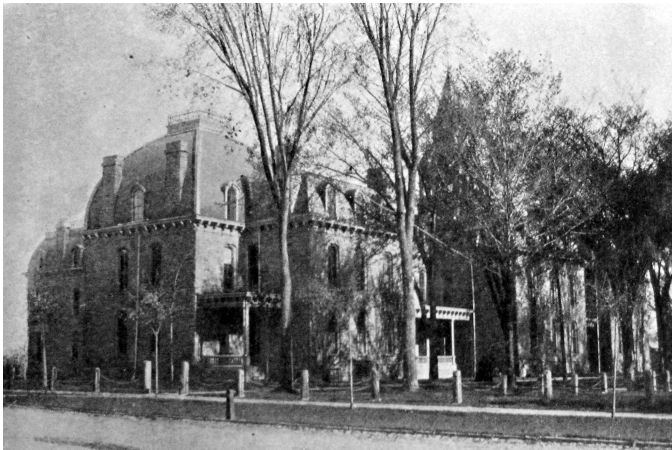
Henry Power Home, Built c1869
Louisville, NY



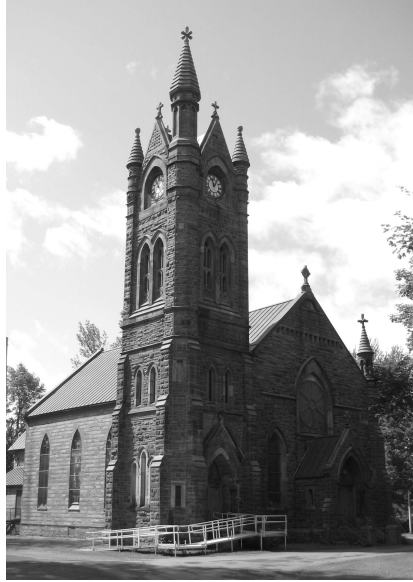
Henry Power Home, Built c1869
Louisville, NY



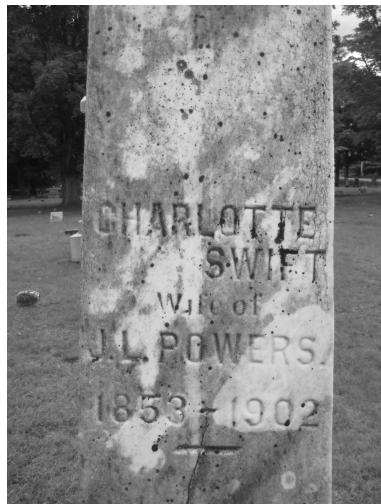
St Lawrence Academy – “The Old Academy”
Photo c1850. Predecessor to Potsdam Normal



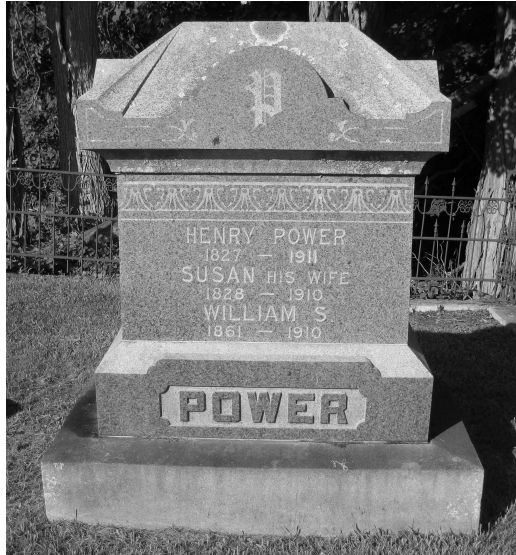
Potsdam Normal
Photo c1890s



Trinity Episcopal Church
Potsdam, NY



Charlotte Swift Powers
Gravestone in Garfield Cemetery, Potsdam



Henry Power & Susan (Shoen) Power Gravestone
Louisville, NY Community Cemetery



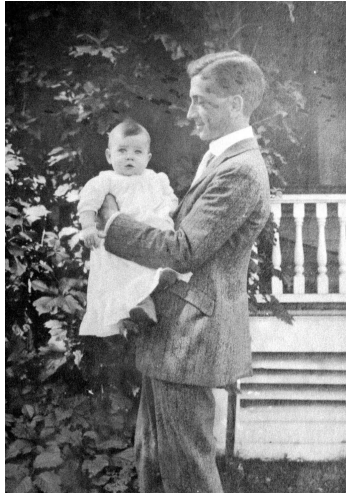
Peter & Ann Power Gravestone
(Grandparents of Henry Power)
Louisville, NY Community Cemetery



Powers Home
Moorhead, MN c1916



Front: James Luther Powers, holding Lucile
Back: Art, Harold, Dudley, Dorotha Powers
Mt Pleasant, MI c1920



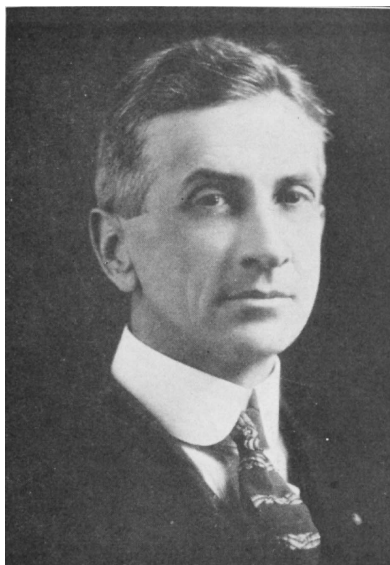
Professor Powers with Art
Moorhead, MN c1916



Art, Dudley, Dorotha, Lucile, Harold
Mt Pleasant, MI, c1920



Dorotha, Dudley, Harold, Art
C1924



Professor J Harold Powers
c1924



James Luther Powers
Los Angeles, CA c1925



Mary (Brainard) Powers, Harold, Art,
Lucile, Professor
Pike's Peak, CO c1936



Hiram Henry Powers - "Hime"



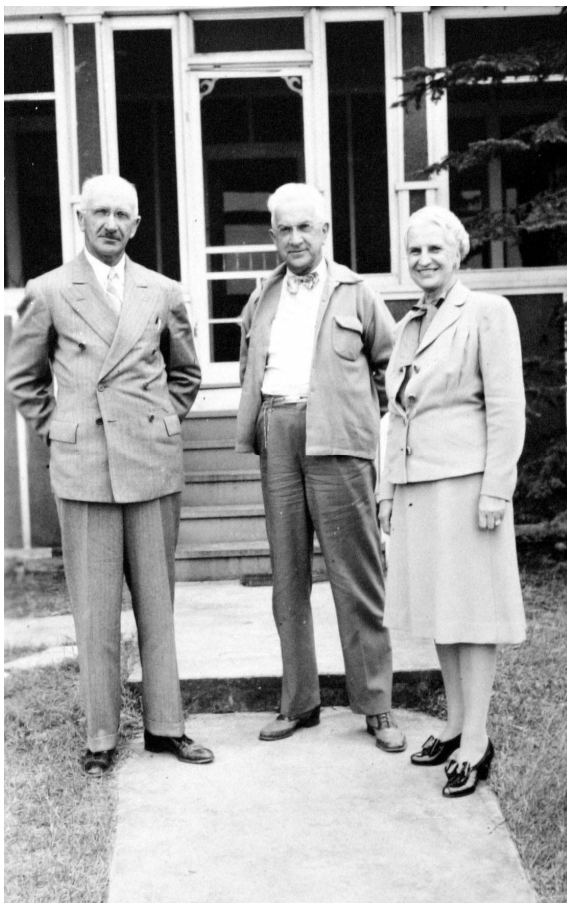
Thresa (Woodruff) Powers



J Harold Powers & Mary Brainard Powers
c1946



Powers Home
Mt Pleasant, MI c1946



Hiram, J Harold, Mary Powers
(Hime, Hal, and Mary)
c1950s

AUTO-Biography

Returning briefly to the era that I have just brought to a close with our move to town, this would be a natural place to bring the Robinsons into the picture, In the Spring of 1900, the family moved from Minnesoat to Mr, Robinson' old home area' and he bought the only classic, deep south styled house in or around Potsdam half way between our old home and town. There were two teen agers native born Minnesotans, and they became part of our community social group at once, for the short time that it continued before the break down of the neighborhood. In effect Arthure and Grace Robinson supplanted all of theold ties that I had known and, for the record, it should be mentioned that Grace and I formed a very strong attachment that lasted for some seven years, and a lasting friendship with Arthur developed that, thru letters and visits has lasted right down to now.

It was largely thru the glowing accounts of the Robinsons about Minnesota that I became sufficiently interested in it to start applying for teaching jobs there a little later.

I graduated from the Crane Institute in 1903 and from the Normal in 1904. During my last term at Normal I was busy writing letters of application, at first mostly to California, with its much heralded climate and then to Minnesota as mentioned above. After joining a Teachers Agency in Minneapolis I got immediate results and finally signed up for a Music and Drawing position at Willmar.

To most northern New Yorkers at that time such a change in locale was as momentous a venture as Alaska would be today.

I recall one old timer who, when he learned that I was going to Minnesota, said, "Well now, I've got a brother out in Montana, maybe you'll see him sometime." Even Grandmother referred to some of her rare trips out to Ithaca, Michigan, as 'going out west'. So, we come to

The First Trip West

As I left Potsdam in the Fall of 1904 for my first teaching job, I was to leave St. Lawrence County for the first time except for crossing the St. Lawrence River a few times into Canada, and my first extended rail trip - off for the great "Northwest". However, I had sufficient poise and sophistication, with probably too much reserve to protect me from any display of provincialism because of my habitat. In fact, once arrived in Minnesota, I found that the very name of New York stamped a native from there with a definite prestige.

The train trip itself was something of an adventure for me, and I had arranged for a stop over at Ithaca and Grand Rapids for a short visit at Aunt Fran's and Uncle John's. For more variety in the trip, I had bought my ticket via Grand Haven to Milwaukee by boat. When I reached the Milwaukee station and went to get my ticket for the rest of the trip to Willmar, the man at the ticket window said, "Willmar - I have a very good friend there, the Episcopal minister." I mentioned that I was an Episcopalian, and in the short chat following he learned that I was school music job there.

THE YEAR AT WILLMAR

As soon as I had arrived at Willmar, met and talked with the superintendant of schools, he took me to a place that he recommended highly for a place to room, which I arranged to take after seeing it. I had scarcely got my relatively few belongings out of the

the suit cases when I was told I had a caller down stairs. It proved to be the Episcopal minister himself who, due to fast work by his Milwaukee friend, was there to urge me to take over his church choir which, after our half hour visit, I agreed to do. More about this very happy association a little later.

Willmar was a thriving, bustling town of 5,000 people and the main train - dispatching center of the Great Northern Railway with its five passenger trains per day each way, plus all the freighters - all routed and dispatched on their coast to Minneapolis trips from this center. I learned shortly that the man in whose house I was staying was the chief train dispatcher on a mid night to morning shift.

This home of the Hornbecks was a new one, in a good part of town, in fact right across the street from along-time Governor of the state. But, in keeping with all the other new homes in the area there was no inside plumbing whatsoever and electricity was so new that I paid a dollar a month more to have one electric bulb for a light in lieu of a kerosene lamp. The Hornbecks, Mr. and Mrs. with two children, a boy and a girl, proved to be a most congenial household and did much to make my stay there pleasant.

During the first few days there prior to the formal opening of school, I had time to get adjusted to what was to be a more or less routined mode of life.

For breakfasts, following the advice of friends, I went to an upstairs restaurant where they gave a card for twenty one breakfasts for three dollars. When I made my first visit there and found that a set of dark stairs led up to an eating place over a blacksmith shop I nearly backed out of the deal but mustering my courage decided to give it a try and found that many of the single

teachers at there, that the food was good, and that they catered to quick service for those who were late risers, which helped a lot.

For the noon meal, after shopping around for a few days, a newly made acquaintance took me with him to dinner to the one first class hotel in town, where had eaten for several years. This hotel was far above the usual for a town of this size, strategically placed within a short walk from the station. A number of trains stopped long enough dinner and, as people travelled extensively if not solely by train, a rather elite crowd was usually there for dinner. I recall that during that year we saw William Howard Taft, later to become President, William Jennings Bryan, who tried three times to be president, and, the renowned sole owner of the Great Northern Railway System, Jim Hill, none of them together, Naturally, but each with his retinue of associates. Needless to say, I jumped at the chance to eat there with this Dr. Twittchel and a friend of his, a most "English" type of an Englishman. The three of us always had a table together and I came to look forward to this noon break from the classroom associations. Incidentally, to again quote prices for comparisons with today, these meals, with a wide choice of menus and top service, with no tipping were fifty cents per meal monthly in advance. For the third meal of the day I have not the slightest recollection as to what or where I ate. Before getting down to the mundane facts pertaining to my school teaching job, I will clear up data on several associations that I clearly recall after sixty years. The Rev. Mr. Gates, the Episcopalian minister mentioned earlier, was a far more distinguished and dynamic a personality than would usually be found in so remote and non urban community. He had been minister

in a large Milwaukee church and had been told by his doctor that he had to get away from the big city atmosphere and the damp lake area on account of bronchial and voice difficulty and he found himself at Willmar with a very well designed church, Parish house and residence all occupying a whole city block, to which he and his wife and two high school age sons, had brought new life and vitality to this local church, with their combined exuberance and enthusiasm. They practically took over their wings and there was rarely a Sunday that they did not insist that I have dinner with them, and rarely a Sunday evening that I and Dr. Twitchel were not over to the house for after service lunch and visit. This contact became a large part of my social life that year.

The choir itself was more than I had dared hope for, with some twenty good adult voices, an established vested, processional choir, and most of all a very good organist was at the bench of a really effective "Vocalion" a name given to a certain type of organ at the time. The organist was Dr. Twitchell, my new dinner friend, a local dentist. He was a strikingly handsome man with a clipped Van Dyke beard, dynamic personality, genial in manner and friendly to all but with a reserve, perhaps studied, that kept him from close, intimate friendships with but very few. He was a New Englander, who had taken up music at the Boston Conservatory as a side line to his profession. He was a widower having lost his wife and child within a year after marriage and had come west to start anew his profession.

It did not take us long after meeting, to find that we had much in common in the way of interests and thinking and we became close friends spending most of our spare time together. To illustrate - I had set up a schedule for giving a series of voice lessons in two small towns, one east and one west of Willmar.

using the "Parlor" of the local small hotel for a studio in each case, both scheduled for Saturday. To make these connections I got up at 4.00 A. M. walked to the station and took a caboose on a freight train to the town on the west, got all of the lessons before noon in time to catch a local passenger train east bound to the town east of Willmar, got my quota of lessons in by 4.00 P.M. and then either wait for an evening train home or walk the five miles back.

Very frequently however, Dr. Twitchell would arrange for an early closing time in his schedule and jump one of the freights and be there waiting for me ready for the walk back home, which we both must have enjoyed or we would not have done it. In fact walking was the only means of locomotion or recreation.

Dr. Twitchell did however, own a fine specimen of a driving horse, a shiny black animal always raring to go, champing his bit impatiently at the mere hint of a drive around town. He was kept in a local livery stable just for the few occasions when there might be a place to go. One of these occasions did come up - almost an epic one for the horse. It was middle or late November and had been very cold, as only Minnesota knows how to be, and no snow. It must have been some vacation period, probably Thanksgiving, for both of us could^{not} have gotten away for a week end on account of the choir. Dr. Twitchell had been talking ice boating and wanted to introduce me to one of the most challenging winter sports so we agreed to drive up to Green Lake the next morning while the weather was nice and the roads good. We made the ten mile trip in short time, put the horse away in a livery barn, found that one big summer hotel was open to the extent of the owner's living quarters and that we could get food so we got a late breakfast and went down to the boat headquarters.

The boat was really a double bob-sled type with knife sharp runners, and long and heavy enough to keep it from skewing when trying to 'tack' on glossy ice. To keep out of the way of the heavy boom my position was, perforce, to lie flat on my stomach well up front, able to lift my head to see the view when there was no danger of shifting our course, while the helmsman, or whatever he is called, sat at the extreme rear to completely escape the swing of the boom.

The speed of these 'boats' in scheduled races was officially measured at fifty miles per hour, and in cases like ours, as novices Dr. Twitchell estimated that we were making around thirty. Anyway, to a rider lying face down, at best getting a ground level view it was pretty fast.

We had become so engrossed with the 'modus operandi' of our new means of locomotion that we had paid no attention to things about us until we slowed down to turn the thing around to 'tack' our way back against the wind that had been with us so far. We were amazed when we had turned, to find a fine snow in our faces and to see our selves facing into a very dark snow cloud and the air already full of this blizzardy kind of snow so that we could barely see the outline of trees and buildings on shore. Dr. T. who had been long enough in Minnesota to have learned something of the lore of its blizzards - the suddenness of their onsets, the blinding qualities of their powdery snow - took one look at things and said, "Let's head back for shore as fast as we can." We noticed for the first time that we were and had been the only boat on the lake. As we began our slackened progress back to shore, both of us watching for and straining our eyes to keep in view the dim light that the man on shore

had put up as a lighthouse for a belaboured craft. As we finally felt the runners slide up on shore and saw the dim form of a man waiting to pull us in, we were quick to accept his offer to take care of the 'boat' and to drag our stiffened legs to the hotel and a place beside to fireplace fire. The several members of the family at the inn were talking nothing but the blizzard and forecasting what it would belike by morning, all of which opinions proved to be under estimates when morning came with the snow still blowing in the frigid air.

Realizing at once the impossibility of getting back home the way we came, we made hurried plans to 'park' the horse in some good stable for the winter, and then get down to the small station to catch the only daily train to Willmar. We need not have hurried for the train was two hours late, but we were glad to get back on any schedule. For the record, we did not get the horse and buggy back home for over four months when Spring finally opened the roads..

In all of our close associations that year neither of us used the other's first name. He was 'Doc Twitchell' to everybody and so "Doc" to me. He, on the other hand took his cue from the Gates family who "Professorred me to death - at twenty two" It was a matter that I found less embarrassing to ignore than to make an issue of.

Another organization that I walked into, similar to the church choir, all organized and waiting for a director to take over - was a Civic Choral Society, towns people not including high school age, in which again, Dr. Twitchell was pianist, and I was almost pressed into service as the Superintendent of Schools and his wife were members as well as the Hornbecks with whom I roomed and other prominent musical people were members.

so naturally I agreed and was really glad to do it.

After a few run-of-the-mill rehearsals, using some of the 'on hand' choral numbers, an unofficial committee stayed after rehearsal to ask rather hesitantly if I thought it would be possible for this group to put on some dramatic production like an operetta. I was quick to agree and was authorized to send in to Minneapolis for quite a number of such scores for examination and, upon their arrival, the same group met with me for an evening to come to some decision on what would be most interesting and adaptable to our membership. Complete agreement made the selection "The Chimes of Normandy" - a good choice musically if a bit ambitious for an inexperienced group and a director whose background in this field was largely academic.

But the enthusiasm grew as the play developed and was sufficient to surmount all obstacles and we put on a show that was the local event of the year - two nights to a full house. With authentic costumes from Minneapolis and the names of prominent local 'stars' in exotic roles aroused great public interest. Superintendant Tønning of the city schools had agreed to take the role of 'Gaspard' the miser, a fine acting and singing part, "If" he could remain incognito without his name appearing on the program. fearing that some of his Board's Norwegian Lutherans might look with askance upon his appearing "on the stage" Nothing could have aroused public curiosity nor have emphasized his parts ^{more} than this act and he drew real praise in the local papers for his fine work. The whole operetta made music history and was a rewarding climax to our years work.

All of these special activities and events were of course aside from and on top of my regular job of teaching music and drawing in four grade schools and High School, making the rounds of the buildings once a week in both subjects. Such a tight schedule left little time for dawdling and, as walking was the only means of getting around, my daily walks to and from these schools and down town to eat included about all that I saw of the town in the short nine months that I was there, and when I left town I little thought that it would be fifty eight years before I saw it again.

I had accepted this job at the munificent salary of sixty dollars a month for nine months, the basis on which teachers were always hired. Thus with \$540.00 a year plus small stipends from a little voice work to show for my year's work, I was not keen to accept the school board's offer for the next year at the same salary, the offer made to all of the teachers, the majority of whom refused as I did to come back.

Superintendent Tomning was much disturbed over the board's pecuniary action and helped all who were leaving to find another position. He put me in touch with a Superintendent in a town forty miles to the south who was looking for a man for a tough job in music and, with a few letters of correspondence, I accepted the place at Hutchinson at a big raise of Five dollars a month, mainly I guess so as to have my next year's location all set before I went back to Potsdam for the summer. To have visited this place to look it over would have meant a hundred and fifty mile trip by train via Minneapolis whereas today it is a half hour drive by car.

I expect that a more aggressive and ambitious fellow of my age then would have stayed there and found a job of any kind rather

rather than taking the long trek by train back to Potsdam to spend an idle summer. But home ties, after being away for a year, pulled hard and I had managed carefully to save enough cash in the bank to take care of the trip both ways and for the summer.

As soon as I had made definite plans on leaving, Dr. Twitchell decided that he would go along with me and continue on to his former home in New Hampshire. He told me of this plan the day before we were to leave and I persuaded him to leave his direct course at Syracuse and to run up to Potsdam with me to which he agreed and I had the unusual foresight, for me, to write a note to the folks back home of his arrival with me.

It was a real treat to have good company on the long train trip for travel was still quite involved with many changes of railroads. In this particular trip we left by the Great Northern to Minneapolis; the Burlington and Northwestern to Chicago; Nickel Plate to Buffalo, New York Central to Syracuse and the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg to Potsdam.

Neither of us gave a thought to going by Pullman. Two husky young fellows like us looked upon such a indulgence as a waste of good money - to pay so much for just a place to sleep when you could sleep just as well on coach seats. So we found ourselves changing routes in the middle of the night and thought nothing of it.

I recall the rugged trip very well but have no recollections of our arrival nor the Doctor's brief stay with us, but Mary Miller insists that he came and remembers well his striking appearance and genial personality, so it must have happened. Perhaps my return home after a long absence absorbed my complete attention. Anyway, he continued on to New Hampshire and except for a card or two from him that summer, I never heard from him again nor he from me.

Back briefly to the 'status quo' in the neighborhood. Just before I had left for Minnesota, Hime had returned from his year's work at Cornell and, as an immediately available opportunity, took over the Foster farm on a 50 - 50 basis with the owners. Grandmother closed the house in town and with her 'maid-of-all-work, came to keep house for Hime, and Mary made other arrangements to stay in town for her last two years of school.

After a good visit with the family and catching up on the year's happenings, this had little of the feeling of a 'back home' stay. As I was quite ineffective as farm help and handicapped about barns with hay fever, I made no pretense of helping about the place, and have to admit that it became little more than a place for me to 'hang my hat'.

Art Robinson had made tentative plans for a group of us to spend several weeks at another lake in the Adirondacks - "Lake Ozonia" by name, much larger than Sterling and better adapted to swimming and boating. Here eight of us with Art and Grace's mother as house mother, spent several weeks in a fairly active but leisurely paced program. There were numerous ^{boats} and canoes available and that was it. Compared with today's tumultuous water events, with each cottage equipped with every known species of water vehicles and means of propulsion, that was a staid and uneventful era. Even swimming was so restricted by the cumbersome "swim suits" of the day - heavy wool dresses with sailor collars, knee length skirts for the girls and half arm length, knee lengthed suits for the men - all made swimming more than paddling around, but we splashed around with great zeal and exuberance.

But as this summer of 1905 drew to a close and I began preparations for getting back to a new job in Minnesota, another slight upheaval in family plans arose. Hime, who had not planned on any lengthy stay at the Foster farm, heard thru Aunt Fran of a milk route in Ithaca, Michigan for sale or a change in management that looked interesting and decided to go there, leaving shortly after I did. Grandmother, not averse to the change, went back to her old part of the big house that she had given up only temporarily, With the Swifts, including Uncle Theodore and Aunt Mary in the other half of the place.

The Robinsons also left their big house to go to Vermont where he had gone into the lumber business. The house stood empty for several years and burned to the ground a few years later.

Another interpolation in this connection - Back in January of this year(1965) in connection with my painting, I had offered Art Robinson to paint a picture of this house if he could furnish me with a fairly clear photo of it which he was able to do with a photo taken in 1900. Over a period of two months I finished it in a 20" X 30" - my fiftieth and possibly my best painting and yesterday on my eighty third birthday he phoned me saying the picture had arrived and expressing his delight in having it. * * * * *

To pick up the story again at Potsdam - With this general exodus from the scene, Mary was left as the sole representative of the oldcrowd , living in town to finish her last year of school. During this year to come Mary's oldest and last friend of the neighborhood Zina Pains, died, following her older sister Florence by a year, both of tuberculosis

which was devastating the area like the plague. So literally the last of the whole generation of young people had left when Mary graduated the next June and left in the Fall for a

brief teaching career at Plainsfield, New Jersey. Two years seemed to be all that she wanted in teaching and she went to Big Rapids, Michigan to attend the Ferris Institute, one of the best known Business Schools in the country at that time. She left there after finishing her course to become secretary to our Uncle John at Grand Rapids, who had become Prosecuting Attorney for Kent County, and there again we shall leave her, to pick her up a little later in the story.

I left for Hutchinson, Minnesota a little early that Fall to have a little time for getting acquainted with the locale before the real opening of school. If right here I recount a few characteristics and history of the town, it is not that I gleaned all that information in these three extra days, but rather it will be a backward glance over the three years that I stayed there.

Unlike Willmar, a busy, spreading railroad center with a population largely of first generations from the Scandinavian countries, Hutchinson was an older, smaller town set in the midst of an extensive prosperous farming community with an almost with an "ingrowing image" characterizing its population - the second or third generation from its early settlers. While not 'smug' nor over self satisfied, the fact that everyone knew everyone else, made them contented with the 'statue quo'. Compared with Willmar where a roll call would bring out name like Peterson, Johnson, Olson, Gustafson or Olafson, Hutchinson would answer to names like Ames, Avery, Stearns, Adams, Harrington or Chatterton. The town itself had played an important role in - in fact was the center of the Sioux Indian uprisings that we used to hear of when I was a boy. It was still easy for older citizens to recall the old fort that stood where the city park was then. The leading banker, a man of fifty, was the first white child born in the Stockade.

The spot where "Little Crow", leader of the Sioux was shot, had a marker by the roadside two miles out of town.

Getting back to my entrance on the scene - as I had written no one as to my time of arrival I phoned the Superintendent and he agreed to meet me at the high school as the easiest place to find and we had a leisurely and interesting chat and he showed me around the buildings - grade schools and high school all centered on the same central campus. This was much to my liking as I had wasted a lot of time walking from Building to building between the five schools at Willmar. He, Harry Merrill, had been in charge of the schools there for twenty five years, married into one of the old families there and had no thought of moving on to any other place. He hailed from Maine as his home state and still held to many of the speech traits of his state. He called his wife, Martha, Marther, and would say "this is a good 'idear' and leave the 'r' off where ever there really was one. He was a genial, friendly man and welcomed me, I think, as being the only other man of the staff and as introducing two new subjects about which he knew little but was very much interested in. He told me later when we became better acquainted that he had persuaded his board, a bunch of tight wads, to put music into the system to see if it would aid in a very tough disciplinary situation that they had in the high school. There was quite a bunch of near toughs, all from good families, frequently got out of control in the big assembly room, throwing erasers, rubbers or anything available across the room smashing the clock face and hitting other pupils. I did not know this until I had been there for some time. I suppose he was trying out the old "quotes" from Shakespeare "Music hath powere to sooth the savage breast."

Anyway, I never had any trouble that I can recall,

even while using the high school principal as accompanist, with nerve enough to turn her back on an unsupervised crowd, an invitation to an open attack from the rear.

The whole high school assembly had chorus (required) every day from one to one thirty, doubling up two in a seat, an increased opportunity for fooling and whispering, but either the effect of my stearn visage or the fact that I had a fairly heavy stick in my hand, a black ebony, silver trimmed baton, a gift from the Willmar Choral Group, or the other fact that we selected the most likeable types of music, which I knew well enough to keep my nose out of the book and look them right in the eye, just in case.

By mid year I decided to give an added impetus to their polite interest in music and I found a perfect operetta to try out on them. It had a predominant background of Indian wild west days for a libretto and it was of real adult interest and appeal, dramatically and musically. The whole project met with great eclat from the start and, with the erst-while disciplinary "cases" taking and enjoying lead parts, there were no more problem cases to be noted from then on. Mr. Merrill was delighted and said that the music program had changed the whole atmosphere of the school. He was so enthusiastic about music that he frequently went into the grades just to hear the youngsters sing. One day he said to me "You know, I was in the second grade today and there is a real 'alto' there I am sure". I could not dampen his joy by telling him that his 'alto' was our most outstanding 'monotone' that always sang off key in a low tone - and loud.

But I seem to have wandered off into the professional aspects of my new 'job' without first finding a place to eat and sleep. At the first meeting with Mr. Merrill, he told me that he had a very good place for me to stay and walked with me to the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton with a large, comfortable house and just two of them who were around fifty and with the 'old settlers' background of the area. I readily agreed to the set-up and price - a double room up stairs with three meals a day and washing taken care of, plus the 'run of the house' and free use of a very good piano in the front room, which I could use occasionally for giving voice lessons, - all this for twenty dollars a month. There were however, some factors that somewhat dimmed the rosy aspects of the total picture - the house was heated only by a big stove heater in the dining room and a smaller one in the hall upstairs for extreme cold. And, as at Willmar, no inside plumbing. But I was becoming quite 'inured' to this situation, both from Willmar and the farm back home.

The Chattertons were quite wonderful to me - far beyond the 'call of duty' to a roomer - had me in to all of their many card parties the predominant form of all entertainment with the game "Five Hundred" holding exclusive sway. Of course they were all twice my age, a situation which I had to accept, for a twenty three year old teacher can not hob-nob with high school students only a few years younger than he and hope to maintain his professional 'status' except for the occasional scheduled school parties. However, fate seemed to always step in to relieve my social limitations. Just a month after my arrival in town the small Episcopal Church had a new minister coming

a Rev. E. C. M. Tower, fresh from New York City with this to be his first pastorate . Naturally the local Episcopalians urged me to step into the picture and get a choir established and functioning before his arrival which I did.

As in the case of Dr. Twitchell at Willmar, this Mr. Tower and I became great friends from the start with many things in common - Tower and Power started things off pretty well- then both young (same age) both single, both from New York state or city and both forced by circumstances tied up with our 'jobs' to maintain a certain reserve in our "public relations" and both with an experienced background in the same church.

But the church choir became quite a pleasureable activity and the weekly rehearsals frequently ended with what we today would call a 'coffee break' - stopping in at some member's house for an informal lunch.

I recall one evening when Mr. Tower and I took a stroll down town after some rehearsal, just to relax, and he pulled from his pocket a handful of loose change, picking out several odd pieces that he said he got from the church collection the preceding Sunday. They were a sort of slug and marked "good for one ice cream at the ----- drug store." With a hilarious laugh he said, "Let's go in and see if they are any good." I was a little dubious but followed him in and after we had finished our ice cream he nonchalantly threw the pieces on the table and waited as the clerk picked them up. As he turned them over in his hand with a quizzical look, Mr. Tower asked, "What's the matter, aren't they any good?" "Yes, their good alright" he said, "but the only place you can get them is in playing 'craps' in the pool room."

As the clerk was really the owner of the store and a good

Episcopalian, some explanation seemed in line and he had a hearty laugh over the source of the 'coins' as well as the nerve of two such 'dignitaries to test their legality.

The duo of the "Tower - Power" regime lasted for the most of two years, when he left for his beloved New York and from there to a new pastorate somewhere in the east, shortly before I left for the summer to get married and to take a new job in the Fall. Like the Twitchell friendship that I had at Willmar, I never saw Mr. Tower again for fifty years. I had inquired about him thru a New York Bishop and learned that he had been rector of a church in Great Barrington, Massachusetts for most of the intervening time. So that summer when we were visiting Dorothea at Stockbridge, I drove the eight miles to Barrington, found him there and, to lengthen our opportunity for a visit, I brought him back to Stockbridge for the afternoon and lunch. I was glad that I did this for I learned that he had died within the next two years.

For the record, I want to enlarge a bit on my secondary field of work, drawing and Art. For some reason Music and Drawing, probably because they were both "specialties", were almost universally packaged together in hiring teachers, and usually one or the other was each teachers main field of interest, with the other a very secondary matter. In my own case I suppose music was definitely the first, but I had had some excellent instruction and practical work in Drawing, mechanical, perspective, planes and solids from all angles, the most necessary basis for free hand sketching and in making plans for any construction work.

It was this feature of my years work at Hutchinson that led the Superintendant and School board to approach me with a new

proposition - would I introduce into the school's program, a new course of nation wide interest, called Manual Training - wood work or shop work involving the use of all tools in the field of carpentry and all tied up with mechanical drawing. If I would give up the summer in preparing for it at the University of Minnesota, which was offering a comprehensive course for teachers, including detailed plans for installing necessary equipment for complete shop work - they would pay all my instructional expenses there and would raise my salary from \$565.00 to \$700.00 for next year.. I agreed to the plan with alacrity before they could change their minds.

I did not realize at the time how much this move was going to mean to me in the way of fast advancement. Things went off as planned and after a hot summer's work I got back to the school to advise on the installing in a down stairs sizeable room, a set up of about twenty work benches, each equipped with a complete set of carpenter's tools plus a powered band saw for general use. - all before school opened.

It did not take very long after school got to going, to discover that the three specialized fields of class room work, which looked fine as I got them fitted into the school's schedule, were going to keep me occupied most of my waking hours. All three - music, drawing and manual training, were basically 'activity programs' with a 'do it yourself' urge dominating the very atmosphere. No group of children with drawing paper, pencils, colored crayons or, worst of all, water colors or charcoal is going to sit idly by without starting in on their own unless directional hints are not forthcoming at once and the same situation prevails with a group of junior high boys with a tantalizing array of new tools at their disposal.

It was doubtless this arduous, tight fitted schedule of work to which I had committed myself that made this school year 1906 - 07 seem hazy in my memory, with little happening to break the grind of routine. Just one occasion, momentous to me, was the chance to hear and see the New York Metropolitan Opera Company in a week's stay in Minneapolis, featuring some of their most noted singers and a wide range in repertoires. There were two railroads, each with frequent schedules to and from Minneapolis, and a number of us, teachers and towns people, were able to get down for an afternoon matinee and an evening performance in one trip - several during the week.

Looking back, it seems incredible that there should have been assembled on the same stage in the same opera series, such an array of world wide celebrities. Then, we knew that we were hearing some of the Met's top singers, but we could not then have known that these were the greatest singers of all time - singers that today, sixty years later, are still looked back upon as the stellar lights that their singing made known as the 'golden Age of Song' Among them to name a few that we heard, Caruso, the greatest tenor the world has known; Schumann Heink, with her forty years of singing, a contralto of world acclaim; Melba, the 'Queen of Song' the most flawless soprano voice the world has heard. Louise Homer, the first American born contralto to achieve world fame. Her husband, Sidney Homer, a great composer, used to say that he had become known as Mr. Louise Homer. All in all, it was an experience that I have always been able to look back on with musical pride as having heard them all under one roof.

So, on ending my second year's work here and leaving for the east for the summer, I had a comfortable feeling of security with a salary raise and free to relax a bit, which I did for most of the summer.

Heading back for Hutchinson for this third year was a little more like getting back home, with no particular new situations to face - the same place to stay and, besides Mr. Tower, quite a number of friends and acquaintances. Shortly before the opening of school, Mr. Merrill called me into his office to show me a letter of application he had for the high school principalship and he said that he had just offered the position to this applicant. He called my particular attention to the fact that she was apparently a very good pianist - a graduate from the Chicago Musical College in piano and holding an academic degree from Carleton College. He said he knew I would be glad to have an outstanding pianist as accompanist for the high school musical activities, to all of which I naturally agreed. Her name was Mary Brainard, and with this new set up the Fall term moved along smoothly, musically speaking, and this half hour of chorus became quite a respite from the closely scheduled programs of my other types of work.

After an unusually cold winter, always expected in Minnesota, the Spring of 1908 burst upon us in mid February without any real return to winter, a phenomenon, the like of which even the oldest citizens could not recall. After having been pent up for three cold months, I reacted to this abortive Spring with a real touch of "Spring fever". With no auto to jump into for a nice long ride, - I had never seen one close up as of then - I decided to blow myself and on a Sunday afternoon I went down to the local 'livery stable' and hired a horse and buggy for the afternoon and went for a long drive out into the country, on roads, usually sticky with gumbo at this season, now dry as summer.

As little as I used to care for horses when I had to drive them, this was a rare treat - an easy way to get away from it all and I decided to do it frequently feeling quite affluent with my recent pay raise and much to my surprise, to find the horse and buggy a mere \$2.50 for the afternoon.

The high school chorus, coming each day at one o'clock, I used to make my selections of the music numbers to use each day and then stroll up to the assembly room to the desk of "Miss Brainard" where she was keeping "at ease" order among the gathering students. Here we would run over the numbers in the chorus book that I planned on using. As the students were pouring in noisily and getting adjusted to their special seating arrangements, we would chat a bit. On this particular day I recounted my long drive of yesterday, and found that she was quite a fan for horses and had done considerable driving for her Doctor father.

The natural follow up of the conversation was to ask her how she would like to go along on a similar trek the following Sunday, to which she agreed just as the student talk dropped down to a near silence as the bell sounded. The discerning reader has probably, at this point, decided that once I had let my breaks down to this extent, and with Spring coming on, the usual attendant results were inevitable. The following Sunday I tried out a 'span' of horses and we agreed that it was a lot more fun than to drive one - in terms of today, like driving a car with twice the horse power of the old.

These Sunday excursions became an accepted event, weather permitting, and by mid April I am sure that all of our friends and acquaintances, including high school students, had our case all settled before it was official between us.

Then things began to happen. Out of a clear sky I had an offer from the Superintendent of schools at Crookston, a town of 10,000 well up in the northern part of the state, asking if I would accept a position there for the coming year to handle the same three subjects that I had been doing and - for \$1200.00 a year. At first I was a bit hesitant about going so far north when I had just begun to feel at home where I was, but I realized that this was the time in my career to take advancement when the opportunity came.

The local board offered me \$1,000 to remain but Mr. Merrill, a real friend, said that from my viewpoint I should accept the offer and that he would release me from my contract there.

Realizing my rather limited background in Manual Training for a much larger school system, in accepting the new place, I volunteered to attend Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, Illinois for the coming summer. This was the most widely known School in its field, and I made contact with it at once to register for the summer's work.

Things were piling up pretty fast locally, in mid May, with all of the events of the commencement period just in the offing, when on one of our continuing drives on a Sunday, I suggested to Mary that we get married that summer in time for her to go to Crookston with me. While the idea itself was not so surprising, the immediacy of necessary decisions involving quick action was somewhat disconcerting, she agreed that it could be done and we began to make definite plans for the procedural order of approach in our schedule. First in line was for her to resign her position as high school principal, a contract for which she had signed back in March and then - during the busiest of all seasons for teachers, making out final exams, looking them over and recording grades, plus the graduating exercise in which we were both involved - besides all this both of us must be getting

ready for permanent exodus right after the closing of school, I to Peoria for the summer and she to her home in Osage, Iowa to arrange for the many details of a home wedding.

I do not recall which of us left first, or if, perchance, we left together for Osage for a brief stop off for me, to meet her family which would have been the logical procedure. Anyway, we landed ultimately in our planned destinations for the summer.

Once arrived in Peoria, I recall that I engaged a room in a very nice home of a Doctor and his wife, who, once I was well established there, proceeded to leave town for most of my stay, leaving me to rattle around in it. The weather was unbearably hot - 117 degrees on occasions and, to top it off, eating around at various places I picked up a case of Ptomain poisoning, which tho not serious, left me a rather washed out individual for going back to visit for the first time my prospective 'inlaws', Mary's mother and brother, Dudley. Within a few days after arrival and relaxing rest I was back to normalcy.

After a few days of visiting and getting caught up on the wedding developments to date, and getting acquainted with the Allens. He was the Congregational minister, his wife a cousin of Mary's and between the two households a very close-knit family relationship existed,

In the midst of a very well concealed pre-wedding "rush atmosphere" some one came up with the idea of having the three men- Dudley, Mr, Allen and me take a few days off for a camping trip. There was a nice spot for such an outing some ten miles up on the Little Cedar river. The idea sounded good and some friend with a horse and wagon must have driven us out there with a tent and sundry camping supplies.

It would be hard to find three men less well equipped for 'roughing it' than this trio, a minister, and two youngish school men--none with even a boy scout background nor its equivalent. But with our combined efforts we got the tent up, on a slight hill or knoll, just in case of rain, and well screened from mosquitos.

The food question had been quite adequately attended to and we managed to pick up enough dry wood for a very decent fire for such items as coffee, bacon and eggs. But sleeping was another matter. We all agreed after the first night that we had not slept too well, if at all and after the second night of insomnia we began to look around for causes. As I recall it, I was the one who stumbled on a very evident detail that might have caused our trouble. With a careful look at our beds, it should not have taken a surveyors instruments to discover that beds were so placed that our feet would be several inches higher than our heads, an oversight that we corrected by putting our pillows where our feet had been. So, after a good night's sleep,

we were energetic enough for long treks up stream and down, some time in fishing, with varying degrees of success, and even swimming in the deeper parts of this fairly swift and stony river. As I have hinted at before, it could hardly be called swimming for our 'swim suits' we so complete as to coverage, that we might as well gone in with our regular garb on.

However, toward the week end we felt well repaid for our few days of camping and got back to town in ample time for the minister's preparations for his Sunday service.

Back at the house there was every evidence that much had been accomplished in our perhaps 'planned absence' and the countless details that had hovered over the preparation for the coming big event were now in the background and Mary and I even had a couple of free evenings for short strolls about that part of town or sitting out on the porch in the warm summer evenings, the like of which we had scarcely found time since our decision to get married that summer.

The date had long ago been settled for August 26, the invitations had been out, I expect, weeks ago and presents were coming in. The minister of course was to be Mr. Allen, and their two teen age daughters, Mary and Dorothea, were all set to play the Lohengrin Wedding March, duo piano, and "'Tis Thy Wedding Morning" from the ROSE MAIDEN for incidental dinner music.

I shall make one more digression from the main topic the last logical place to relate an incident of that last busy week when we three men were away. It seems that Mary had been taking some form pf medicine and had left the prescription with a clerk at the drug store for a refill.. Theminute that she had taken this she knew that something was radically wrong with it and her mother phoned the druggist

and was lucky in getting the head pharmacist, who quickly looked up the prescription and found that the clerk had put up a powder - straight strychnine. He lost no time in getting down to the house with a doctor stomach pump and other paraphernalia. which outside of the shock and rather rough treatment, left her with no lasting effects. So little was made of this that we men did not hear of it for several days.

The big day opened properly as it should, with a bright sun , followed by its usual heat for late August in Iowa. The wedding was at high noon followed by a five course dinner for about fifteen people according to the local paper's review, which I have just re read.

A jovial crowd of well wishers, followed to the station to see us off in due style and some to see that our array of luggage got on the train.

During the long wait at Minneapolis for changing trains for Points north, we discovered that in the rush to get the luggage off the train, we had left the large portion of the wedding cake in the over head racks. We never told of that oversight until now.

A glance at the map will show that Crookston is a long way from Minneapolis and, with a late evening start, we pulled in just as it was beginning to get daylight. Landing in a new town where we were to live for at least a year, and in three days find a house to rent, ahead of the arrival of a few basic household goods and get liveably settled, is no easy job. This, plus the need of my getting at least a panoramic picture of the many sided program I had to step into, all called for attention at once, and with the only means of getting about -walking.

However, our first real estate man did come around for us with a very ritzy horse and wagon set up and we got quick action for we found a house among the first few shown us that suited us very well. Of course we were not as 'choosy' then as we would be now but this house was basicly modern - living room, hall and stairway, dining room and den down and two bed rooms and bath up stairs, and a good coal furnace in the basement and a well kept up white paint job outside and only four blocks to the high school, - all for \$18.00 a month.

In fact this house was beyond my social status for I had never had any contact with a furnace as far as feeding it and caring for its operative functions. When I complained to Mary as to how hard it was to get the ashes out of the small door, she, being used to the whims of a furnace in the Osage house, went down cellar with me and when I showed her how long it took to get the ashes out of draft with the tiny shovel. she inquired "Why don't you open the big door?", which she proceeded to do and the ashes fairly tumbled out, revealing the reason for the big shovel leaning against the wall.

In due time the various pieces of furniture came, including Mary's piano a "Mahlin" and an old English styled dining room set- solid oak, knock down style that you put together yourself and stained at your liesure. We bought a few other pieces and a few rugs, which altogether proved more or less adequate for the time being

So, after giving this minimum of necessary attention to our personal affairs, I began an appraisal of the many aspects of my professional relationships and new contacts yet to be made.

I had been told by some school teacher friend that my new Superintendent, E. E. McIntyre, was something of a martinet and ruled his teaching staff like a Tsar, and I approached his office for the first time with a little tenseness inside. To my happy surprise, from that first meeting to the last time that I saw him he was cordiality itself - arranged for me to have a desk in his office and, in the rare idle moments for both of us, he would chat affably about school matters in general. He visited my classes as an enthusiastic observer of the new fields of work, with never a criticism, and always assuring me that if I needed anything in the way of materials, to let him know. However, I did find out, in close touch with the whole regime and in talking with older members of the faculty, always with a cautious approach, that he did live up to his reputation as a Tsar, as instanced by a story making the rounds about his two daughters, both in high school. There was a new teacher who came into the system that Fall who was extremely harsh in treatment of students and these daughters, discussing him with friends, summarized the topic with "Why, he's the meanest thing - He's even meaner than Pop".

Anyway, I considered myself lucky and still admired the man enough so that I would hesitate to say that my luck was due to the fact that teachers who could handle my three fields of work were comparatively rare. With the brief nine months stay in this town, a larger system and larger classes, my memory of details is very hazy. I do recall that Manual Training occupied the whole top floor - one big room filled with work benches and tools. Mary started right in as pianist for the high school but I have no mental picture of assembly room, except for the large, cooperative group with never a hint of disciplinary needs, a tribute perhaps to the respect for

the disciplinary force in the front office.

Shortly after we arrived in Crookston and were reasonably well settled, we contacted the same Mr. Harrington whose good word got me the new job. He was on the faculty of the newly established agricultural school, a branch of the University of Minnesota, and in one of our informal chats, I happened to mention Hime and his work at Cornell University in New York. He became at once much interested and led me into a detailed discussion of Hime's background and experience. In a matter of days he was back to find the way to contact him immediately, with a definite ^{offer} of a position teaching at the school if he could come at once. So we both got busy writing Hime with the result that within two weeks he had sold his milk route at Ithaca, Michigan and arrived on the scene, and was established at the Farm School two miles out of town.

Altogether it was a very happy set up for all of us. He could get a ride into town any time and spend the evening with us. His interest in music, and singing in particular, had been kept up and he would usually bring in several songs for Mary to play for him. He had a very good tenor voice evolving out of his boy soprano era and was very keen about male quartet work. Somewhere we ran across another real tenor and a bass, which find gave us the 'makings' of a male quartet that proved to be quite effective and with frequent gatherings at the house we built up quite a repertoire just for the fun of singing. I recall one favorite 'opener' "O Hail us ye Free, we come". It was only a few weeks that we had a chance to make our debut, and from then on we were in popular demand.

A highly organized civic group had laid plans for an elaborate series of events in honor of the (1909) hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth and Mary and I were put in charge of

the music for the programs in all events. With such a city wide committee back of the whole affair it had extensive publicity in local and state papers and we had a good introduction to the community at large. Tied up with some of our musical get-togethers at the house were occasional groups of informal visits. Not until the year was well along did Himebring down one of the faculty women - Theresa Woodruff - a graduate from the Ames, Iowa Agricultural College. They were little more than new acquaintances then but they were married during the next year. On one such occasion we planned to have a maple sugar party with the warm sugar waxing in little 'daubs' on pans of packed snow. After having the syrup on the stove for an hour or so and it still did not get down to sugar, Hime went out to investigate and found, to his great amusement that we had the cover on tight, when in order to make the change to sugar the water must pass off in steam.

Along in March contracts for the next year were out and I had signed up for the next year. Also we had been looking about for a little roomier house and had one all decided upon except for the last signing up. One day in early May a man whom I should have known but did not recognize him at once, walked into my Manual Training shop on the top floor and introduced himself as Frank A. Weld, President of the Moorhead Normal, looked around at all of the activity going on at the benches, asked me all about my work, and then asked how I would like to come down to Moorhead to head the department of music and take on the Manual Training work for just the coming year at which time a new man already selected to take over would be there. As much as the position appealed to me, I told him that I was all signed up for my present place and did not know if I could get a release without some hard feelings.

But he replied that he had arranged everything with Mr. McIntyre before he came up and that if I wanted to go I was free to do so. I had had my goal all set for a Normal school position from the beginning of my teaching and with the air all cleared for action, I was quick to accept his offer. Parenthetically again, in my second year at Hutchinson I heard that President Weld was to speak at some educational meeting at Litchfield a near by town and I took a train down and luckily found him at ease and alone in the lobby of the hotel and we had quite a long talk about the position there. He remembered the meeting now and grinned as he explained that at that time he did not want to put a "good looking young fellow on the faculty of a college with a ninety per cent girl student body." He had evidently kept track of me and found that I was married and safe to have around the premises. As for Superintendent McIntyre, when I went in to see him about the whole thing he said that when Mr. Weld told him of the proposition he had to offer me, he had told him that it was too good an opportunity for advancement for me, to have him stand in the way and he congratulated me on my promotion. - such a magnanimous attitude that I felt guilty in leaving him. Before leaving, Mr. Weld took Mary and me to lunch and there explained some of the aspects of this one year of double duty for me. The salary, including summer school would be \$1750.00 beginning with this summer session just upon us.

The time element could have been better for us as Mary was "expecting" for around early July. So again we were leaving another town post haste the minute school closed and with no house engaged in the new town, another hurried exit and an even more urgent arrival all within a year.

But this move did offer a greater feeling of permanency, for tenure in colleges is far more secure than in high school, leaving the teacher free to plan ahead in his work instead of the too frequent annual search for a new job.

I have no recollection of any contacts made by letter in regard to a house to rent but almost immediately we found ourselves under the guiding hand - again- of the Episcopal minister and his wife who insisted that we come right into their house until we found a suitable place to live. They were a wonderful couple, with two small girls as a family, living in a newly built roomy house, the Rectory, right next to the church. The church itself was unique in its styling as it should be for the designer was no other than the architect of New York City's tallest building, the Chrysler. The architect, thru a local acquaintance, had come there in person to get something that fitted into the locale.

The Rector, Rev. Young and his wife literally saved the day for us for there was then no hotel in town and few if any rooming places. Very soon however, we were in touch with a 'live' house proposition and thru this minister we were given the option on it as soon as it was renovated and redecorated, and he, working thru the owners of the house, who lived next door to it, managed to expedite the whole work project on the interior.. To make a long story short, with all of this pressure brought to bear, stressing the urgency of our immediate need, we finally found ourselves in a new, clean, livable house within a week after our arrival, with our household goods getting there just in the 'nick 'o time' Very soon after our moving in Mary's mother came up to be with us during the approaching advent of the expected new arrival. Her coming gave me the first chance I had had to really look into the whole set up at the college

With only a week left for my casual preparation for my first classes.

With things more or less at ease for the present, this will be a natural place for a few comments on Moorhead itself, in 1909.

It was a town of 4500, on the east side of the 'Great Red River of the North' while just across the river was North Dakota's metropolis, Fargo a young city of 20,000 with state wide prohibition. Thus Minnesota having no such limitations in its laws, Moorhead seized its great opportunity and, with only a bridge between the two cities, it had built up a more than adequate source of supply by lining a net work of streets near the ~~street~~ bridge with fifty odd saloons lighted up all night to serve all of the thirsty of a big, dry state.

With all of its alledged big income from the trade, Moorhead was a backward city with no paved streets. Its basic soil was Dakota red clay gumbo which, if you inadvertantly stepped into it, you carried away a slab of it an inch wider than your shoes and an inch thick. One faculty member who had been there a number of years, commented, "We natives learn to walk with our feet well apart". However, when we had lived there a couple of years, an 'aroused citizenry' woke up to the fact that there was a way out of all this. Minnesota did have in its laws what is known as the local or county option thru which and county could vote the sale of any intoxicants illegal and clean out the whole trade.

This proposed movement was given added impetus for early action by an act by the Chamber of Commerce. The two daily papers of Fargo came out one day with flaming headlines - "Moorhead Chamber of Commerce admits to membership an ex-convict and turns down a Presbyterian minister". This was about all that was needed.

and at the coming election the people voted overwhelmingly to put the saloons out, and the law had enough 'teeth' for complete enforcement. From then on Moorhead saw a period of reconstruction, with new paved streets, hotels, stores and homes, all of which in due time, gave the city a new 'image' over the state and the two cities began a new era.

The college itself was comprised of a large three story 'main' administration building, to which was linked the new Elementary school and two Dormitories. Two years later there was added a new Auditorium and Science building which also housed with spacious rooms, the Music Department. The college was also the terminal for the Fargo - Moorhead street railway.

The faculty numbered about thirty, roughly half and half men and women, all experienced and seasoned teachers, mostly in their forties, which left me, at twenty seven, the infant member. But they were congenial and friendly and we felt pleasantly at home from the first. The student body was around five hundred and, as mentioned, was predominantly girls. With a required daily assembly of students AND faculty, which exerted a unifying force between the two groups, there was an "esprit de corps" seldom found in today's campuses.

With summer school off to a good start, we will go back to the house seventh street. With the middle of July approaching and the oncoming event imminent, we had a nurse at the house, with Mary's mother in general charge, and our newly acquired doctor, a Dr. Awty, on call. so I was not surprised on arriving home from school in late afternoon, to find the Dr there and in a matter of minutes to have Mary's mother rushing down stairs to tell me "it's a girl". Incidentally, no one had ever heard of going to the hospital for such occasions, nor had they until all of our family had arrived, down in the early twenties .

As in most cases the name for the new comer was the immediate topic for discussion and it did not take long for those most concerned - Mary, her mother and me to reach an agreement on the matter. We had liked the name of one of the two Allen girls who played at the wedding and the name 'Dorotha' with the slightly different spelling was our first choice. So, with the household 'status quo' serene and settled, with Mary's mother able to stay for several weeks, I will take this time to catch up on passing items of interest in the new town. This house was owned by the president of one of the two banks and his house was right next door where he and his wife a late middle aged couple lived. On the other side across the street was the Lutheran Church, so altho we were only two blocks from the down town center, it was in a fairly good neighborhood. I mention this as I draw attention to the saloon ridden districts again. One early morning I looked out the window to see several men looking around our back lawn polking in the fence corners looking for something. I was not concerned but liesurely strolled out to where they were and casually asked "Lost Something" They replied that they were looking for a big iron hub cap to a a wagon and to explain this odd item of their interest they continued, "you see, Dr. Egge (a leading doctor who lived two blocks up the street) was killed last night right out in front here and we are looking for the iron the murderer used. As explained by the papers that night this doctor had got involved in a saloon row and had been bludgeoned out in front of our house. Except for his prominence this doctor's case would have been given little attention in these pre-temperance days I remember another morning when I was working on the lawn near the side walk and a drunk strolled by. As he shuffled by he turned to make some remark to me - maybe a would be pleasantry -

And as I turned away in disgust he ambles on, and at about twenty feet he turned around and said, "Shay Mister" to which I could not do less than reply "Well, what is it"? At this encouragement he started his zigzag back and when he got as near as I let him, he said in a drunk's tearful voice, "Mister, scuse me will you?" and turned about and with uncertain steps started on his way for another drink.

The street car line passed by our door to the college, and then back to the Fargo central terminal. It was a much patronized service as there was no other way to get about than to walk. Fargo had numerous metropolitan aspects, being the largest city between Minneapolis and the West Coast cities, and with its attractive shopping area drew most of the 'trade' as Moorhead's development was slow.

It was a natural follow-up, that after the splendid help that the Reverend Young and his wife had given us, that I should gladly take over the choir of the Episcopal church and I stayed by it for about two years. But when the Fargo Cathedral, the Bishop's 'Sea' for North Dakota, and with the Dean of the Cathedral in residence there, approached me about taking charge of their choir, Mr. Young assured me that I should accept it, I agreed to do it.

So again I was back to the old set-up at Potsdam, with an exclusively boy choir - with no women singers. This situation always has its problems with the immaturity of the boy singers and their short tenure due to the changing voices (just as they were getting good) There were some very good boy singers, with one ten year old an excellent soloist and very dependable. But on the whole, boys as persons and not as singers, are unpredictable and the choir master is on his nerve thru every service, wondering if they will measure up to what was planned for at rehearsal. One surprising bright spot was to find at the organ a little red hairs Englishman, a perfect replica of the organist I described at the Potsdam church, who could and would take over the choir in time.

It was during this short year in this house that Hime and Theresa Woodruff at Crookston, were married at her home in Ames, Iowa. We could not very well get away for the long, round about train trip and did not go. But in the Fall they came down from Crookston to see us before their start West to Oregon. They had both resigned from the State School and, along with a host of Minnesotans, including us and Dudley Brainard had bought five acre tracts of apple orchards in a little town of Creswell, Oregon. Both Oregon and Washington State, thru fabulous reports and extensive advertising, had come to be looked upon as coming great fruit regions of the country.

This popular move was again engineered thru the same Mr, Harrington thru whom we had both secured our jobs. Hime had gone all the way for the idea and committed himself irrevocably to go there to live while we who bought a tract and stayed home committed ourselves only so far as the first cash outlay in the down payments, when the whole bubble broke and we quit further payments. It was not a good fruit area but Hime, being established there developed side lines in small farming and they stayed there for seventeen years before we saw them again - in California. They returned to Iowa shortly after this meeting to Ames and took over farming on a bigger scale on one of the Woodruff farms. It was perhaps a good move for us, teaching me that "far away steers do not have longer horns" and any further investments I ever made involved interests close at home where I could check on it in advance and keep watch on its progress. Along this change in my family connections I should mention that Mary was married that same year at Thanksgiving but for reasons, as in Hime's case, we could not get away for the wedding. More about Mary's marriage

to Clarence Miller, then of Grand Rapids, a little later .

At the the house we were in was livable, We had looked upon it as temporary, and shortly after Dr. Egge was killed, I noticed in passing that the house that he had been building for rental right next to his own residence, was progressing and I immediately got an option on for rental, when finished, from his widow who was now in charge. Luckily it was declared finished during that second summer before school opened which gave us liisure to move in some pre planned order. It was a thrill to be the first occupants of a new, span clean house. It was only three blocks nearer the college than the first place, a standard type but by no means stereotyped, with three bedrooms and bath upstairs and the usual living room, dining room and kitchen plus a back porch which made a grand sleeping porch for summer.

By the time we moved in that September, Dorothea was creeping, or rather Hitching along in a seated position, not on all fours by which method of locomotion she got around fast and kept her mother busy keeping track of her whereabouts. I recall that on one afternoon I had a 'make up' lesson come to the house as nearer that school for both of us. This particular girl did not have a good sense of pitch and flatted badly on a high 'G' which I tried to help along by hitting the G pretty strong on the piano. Dorothea had crept into the scene from her exile in the kitchen and at a short pause, let out a vigorous high 'G(right in the center of pitch and the girl herself laughed heartily and said " I guess she was showing me what it should be ".

Several occurrences of interest happened during our stay in this house. My father decided to come out to see us during that first winter, to be the first time he had met Mary and, of course, seen Dorothea. However, after a rather brief stay his visit was cut short by a telegram saying that Uncle Will, mainstay on the homelace at Louisville, had died of a heart attack - really rheumatism of the heart, and the wire was an urgent call for father to come there at once. Uncle Will was only forty at the time and was in charge of the farm, as both of my grand parents were too old for much active work, so naturally father left at once.

Then later in the spring, Aunt Fran, who was living then in Spokane Washington, wired that she was passing thru on her way to Potsdam for the funeral of her brother, my Uncle Theodore, and she said she would stop off just for overnight for a few hours visit with us, as she would be returning home by another route. We made all that we could of the short time to visit but got her off on an early morning train. We did not see her again until our year in California, twelve years later.

Thirdly that same Spring of 1911 Mary, my sister, then living in Waterloo, Iowa - Clarence having been transferred to the headquarters of the firm he worked for in Grand Rapids, Michigan. - wrote that she was taking a run up to see us. She had been quite sick and Clarence thought it would do her good to come up and get acquainted with the family here. As neither they nor we could get away for each others weddings, the two Marys had never met, so we had another 'get acquainted' visit, with special interest and attention focused on the youngest member, Dorothea, who had just recently learned to walk and practiced it most of her waking hours.

The climax in the series of events after moving into the new house was one more visitor whose arrival was not unexpected but whose arrival exactly on schedule caught us momentarily off guard. I had got up early that Sunday morning to allow ample time to make last minute plans for the choir, including a walk to church via a short cut using a foot bridge over the river thru quite a nice woodsy park, but my rush plans were all of no avail. By eight o'clock it was clear that the doctor and nurse who were "on call" should be called at once and they promptly arrived. Once again Mary's mother had been with us for a few weeks.

I called the Dean of the Cathedral asking him to put the organist in charge of the choir, explaining the cause of this last minute notice. Things moved fast and before it was time for church to have started, I phoned the Dean again, as he had asked me to ^{do} ~~say~~ to tell him that 'it was a boy'. We must have had a choice of names pretty well settled in advance for we had the name of Mary's father and brother, Dudley, all picked in short order.

The return to household normalcy was swift, and a quiet, uneventful mid summer followed. To show the continuing good will of the Rev. Young and his wife even after I, at his urging had accepted the Fargo choir, he came over to see us and insisted that we take his cottage at the Detroit Lakes at the close of summer school in August. He and his family would have spent all of July there and would be home, leaving the cottage idle unless we took over. Naturally we were happy to accept his offer and made our plans accordingly.

So when Dudley was six weeks old we set off for a real vacation. We had no choice but to walk to the station of the Northern Pacific as it was not on the street car line. In getting down to the train we made quite a procession with Mary carrying

~~But~~ Dudley, her mother pushing Dorothea in her go cart, and with me bringing up the rear with numerous suit cases (I think I must have made a preliminary trip) If the question still arises as to why we did not take a taxi, the answer is still, there were none. There were only eight cars in the city of Moorhead.

Detroit Lakes is really a chain of lakes starting from the larger one to which we were going - just fifty miles from Moorhead. Incidentally, twenty miles north of here was (and is) the town of Mahanomen where Art and June Robinson still live after coming there a couple of years after this summer I am talking about.

As the Northern Pacific was the only train service to this lake area, there were pseudo buses at the station and we were able to get a horse drawn vehicle to take us with our many belongings some two miles to our cottage in a closely wooded area right on the waters edge.

The term cottage is a misnomer for this set-up. It was at one time quite a deluxe house-boat(not boat house) equipped for complete 'on water' living and capable of being "tugged" from spot to spot but always an on-water site. After this hey-day someone had bought it and moved it up on land permanently and placed it on a cement foundation but otherwise left with its interior house boat mode of living. It still had its ship's galley for all food service, several bunks for sleeping down below and the entire top floor equipped with swinging hammocks. Altogether it was a roomy, comfortable place to spend a summer. There was a good beach, shallow enough for Dorothea to paddle around in and no sudden drop-offs in depth for other swimmers. Dudley Brainard had come up a few days late from Down state and together we all put in a marvelous month of August.

As this document has already become an autobiography - a personalized account of family life - I make no attempt to go into any details of my professional, pedagogical activities except as from time to time certain epochal developments occur. Thus these seeming kaleidoscopic progressions from house to house do mark the high spots in the day to day family life.

In my daily walks to and from school I had taken a real interest in a certain corner house, a fairly large place with a circular porch extending around the front and side of the house, all screened in, and an inviting place for small children to play, particularly when mosquitos were thick and vicious throughout the summer. So, when I saw a "For Sale" sign on the lawn one day, I ~~was~~ lost no time in looking into the prospects. When I saw its hall with a curving stairway, a living room with sliding doors leading into a family room, a roomy dining room and four bedrooms and bath up stairs, I was sold on it at once, I persuaded them to rent it to us for a year with option to buy as ways and means to do so developed at arental price of \$35.00 a month. After giving the owner of our present house a month's notice, we moved into the new place well before the opening of the Fall term. While these seeming sequences of action do not follow immediately, it would seem best to 'follow thru' while on the subject.

The next summer Dudley Brainard and his mother, who by then was keeping house for him where he was superintendent of schools, came up for a few weeks visit and both were quite enamoured with the place and she, with Dudley's approval, offered to buy the house for Mary as part of Mary's ultimate inheritance from her father's estate. I took the matter up with the owners who right back of us and who, I am sure, were in need of quick money,

and the mutually satisfactory price of \$4,000.00 was agreed upon. So at last the pride of ownership in the place we lived in added zest to our enthusiasm and gave us a sense of permanency in the community.

Also, for third time, our moving into a new house seemed timed for the arrival of number three into the family circle, this one scheduled for arrival on the "ides of March" and true to form, the stage was set as before with Mary's mother and a nurse on the scene. On this March fifteenth, early evening came on with high winds, sleet and rain and incipient thunder storms, but - no doctor. I telephoned his house and Mrs. Awty, whom we had come to know very well, said that she knew he was on his way in his, one of the few, cars in the two cities. In a few minutes she called again to say that he had called back for further information on the new location. Again we waited but the expected arrival did not wait, and by the time the doctor arrived, he was ensconced in his new bed and all was quiet "on the Potomac." Again the name must have been practically decided upon and -Harold Swift Powers- seemed to sound euphonious - the Swift of course being my mother's family name.

The frequent confusion in identity when a son is named after his father was avoided by apparent 'tacit' consent by holding to the name in full while mine, among family and close friends had been the nick name "Hal".

Anent the Doctor's long delay - as much as we liked the Awty's we had been slightly disturbed about rumors that he had been imbibing too freely of late for a doctor, and had missed his timing this time driving around aimlessly in an area that he should be able to drive in blindfolded

Once more abandoning chronological developments in order to complete the recording of new arrivals while on the topic, I shall briefly record the arrival of number four on the scene and then take time to put the whole group into perspective as they grew old enough to take a real part in the routine of family life.

Just two years, but for a few days, after Harold's entrance into the arena, one bright February 25th, I had gone to school on a Saturday afternoon to give several scheduled voice lessons. After about three hours at this I had strolled home to be met at the door to be told by Mary's mother again, that there was a new boy upstairs. While this again was not unexpected, it was definitely not anticipated when I had left for school that afternoon. In this case there was not so immediate a conclave to decide on a name as most of the family names had been exhausted but the name of my most intimate friend seemed to find favor when brought up and Arthur James (Robinson) - the second being also my father's name - was decided on.

So this particular Spring found us with quite a family - Dorothea seven, Dudley five, Harold two and the baby. In going out for frequent strolls Dorothea always wanted to push the baby buggy with Art in it and Dudley insisted on pulling or pushing the go cart with Harold in it while the parents walked behind maintain the speed limit and keeping traffic lines open for oncoming pedestrians, which latter often resulted in traffic jams by those who wanted to stop to have a look at the baby. It was on one of these excursions that a moment of great decisions came upon me and I vowed then and there that we would have a car in the very near future. In one respect it did take courage to come to a full decision, for even an item like public opinion and reactions had to be considered - how presumptuous would it seem to staid members of the faculty

for a new, young member to be the first to own and drive a car when even the president did not have one. That was the year that Henry Ford had shocked the working world by making the minimum wage to workers five dollars a day and had also, to help spur the sales of cars, offered a refund to all purchasers of cars that year if a million cars were sold that year. Anyway, there was a young fellow in my classes who was, on the side, a salesman for Fords and had urged me go out for a ride in one and was happy to take me out when I broched the subject. On that first ride out into the country over straight hard packed gravel roads, he really speeded up to show something of its possibilities and on the way back he let me sit at the wheel. I asked him how fast he had ever had the car up to and he rather hesitatingly admitted to forty miles an hour but did not want me to mention it. Once I had placed a definite order I was of course impatient for its arrival. I had straightened out the handling of the purchase price, the exorbitant sum of \$480.00 I had enough cash in the bank to spare a down payment of half the price and easily arranged for the balance. I was at this time making \$2,000.00 So, before we knew it the new, shiny, black (the only color ever dreamed of) model T Ford was on the grounds and I had my first driving lessons from this boy salesman, alone, not venturing to take the family along until I could start and stop it with some degree of assurance. It was by no means an easy matter to handle it. First there was the starting of the thing with a hand crank around down in front, and often only after many exhausting attempts would it take hold, then there was a mad rush around to the throttle on the steering wheel to let up on the roaring shaking engine. The pedal system was something dreamed up by a mad man- all of the functions of the clutch tied up in the left pedal -

- way down was full power ahead, in other words, low gear, half way down, which you guessed at, by feel, was neutral, by releasing the foot pressure entirely it flopped way back to your feet and was in high, by some other manipulation it went into reverse, the most power of any so if you came to a mean, sandy short hill which you doubted its ability to negotiate, you simply turned the car around and backed up.

The gasoline tank was under the front seat and when you stopped to 'fill 'er up', everybody in the front seat climbed out, rain or shine. But all of these idiosyncrasies were surmountable with practice and the car, as a means of getting around was a real luxury and a joy to all the family. We would take short drives out into the country, careful not to scare horses and always with an ear out for signs of a "flat". At the end of a hot summers day, a ride anywhere was a treat and as a pre-bedtime quieting down period most effective. The smaller ones were nearly always asleep before we got home and were plopped into bed without awaking. During the waiting period for its arrival, I had built an adequate garage in a corner of the rear of the house with two sides all there to start with and here, with the first fall of snow, we jacked it up and drained the water system for the winter. And here we will leave it to get ready for the oncoming school days.

The college was growing, as was my department, and I had a new assistant coming in the person of Agnes Thornton, a sister of the Dean of women in the dormitory, both from New Bedford, Massachusetts and she a very good violinist, whom we came to know very well over the several years we were working together there. She roomed part of the time with us. The music department had moved into a new auditorium building with a fine well equipped suite of rooms right next to the auditorium. a perfect set up for music performing groups to step right into the rear entrance to the stage

When Dorothea was six, she started school at the college Training School, under some very fine critic teachers throughout. Her teacher used to let Dorothea take her readers home, a practice frowned upon in some schools, and she and Dudley, who was four, would climb into a big rocking chair and she would "practice teach" on him, reading over what she had read in school, pointing to each word as she read, and he would do the same right after her. This practice continued thru several books and months. We thought it a cute form of entertainment for Dudley, after a sometimes boring day at home alone, but to our complete surprise, we found on looking into the procedure a bit, that he was really reading

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He became an avid reader and before that year was up he had read five of the school readers thru and had a mania for reading everything from cereal boxes at breakfast to all store signs in our rides about town. With his own method of learning he was spelling most of the words he read. One day, for fun, I asked him to spell his name and he rattled it right off and to dare him I said "Now spell it backward", and he popped it right off -y-e-l-d-u-d.

So at the beginning of that Fall term when he had become five in June, he was eligible to enter school in the first grade as there was no kindergarten there. After three days in school the first grade teacher stopped me in the hall in the training school and said that she had checked very fully on Dudley and felt that he definitely should be moved up to second grade with Dorothea, as he would be bored to death in the first grade. I agreed with the idea and she made the change at once. But the second step was something of a surprise to us when she asked me to go with her to the office of the principal for a talk and they both, after reviewing the case at length, had agreed that both Dorothea and Dudley should be moved up to the third grade as all of the tests and checks they had made showed that both of them would handle the work there with ease and would have enough challenge to make things interesting to them, and this again was acted upon. So as Dudley began his second year in school the next fall at the age of six years and four months, he found himself in the fourth grade, a situation which both he and Dorothea accepted as the perfectly normal thing. More on this as they approach high school.

Professionally, I had grown increasingly interested in the teaching of voice and had an interesting and interested group of

pupils and had become anxious for further instruction, particularly with a man teacher as I had come to feel then, as I still do, that a woman teacher cannot teach a man singer and mine to date had been two women. Consequently, I looked into the matter of voice teachers in Chicago and finally wrote in to the American Conservatory to arrange for a series of three lessons a week for three weeks. Pres. Weld, approving the move, allowed me to extend the two weeks vacation to three weeks so that I could complete a series of ten lessons.

I was happy to get scheduled, as I had requested, with Karlston Hackett, probably the best rated teacher in Chicago. He had had all of his training in Italy and remained there for several years to sing in one of the opera houses there.

For two successive Spring vacations I went down to work with this man - incidentally staying at the home of a family that we knew in our first years at the college, when he moved to Evanston, the Stanfords. They lived then just one block back of Dudley's present house on Colfax.

But the high point in my finding time for and top teachers came in 1917. I had read in the Minneapolis papers that the most celebrated voice teacher living, William Shakespeare of London, was coming to Minneapolis to stay with his daughter, largely to escape from the terrific bombings London was then getting in World War One. and - that he planned on doing a limited amount of voice teaching. I had known of him by his reputation and as the teacher of numberless operatic stars as well as being the author of "The Art of Singing", the 'Bible' of all students of singing. I wrote in to his management and explained that I was mainly interested in the teaching side of voice and I think that this was what got me in, scheduled for a series of several lessons a week, for his hobby and aim in these latter years of his teaching was to get disciples

as teachers, who understood his philosophy well enough to carry on his principles of singing, He was a man of eighty then, but dynamic and vigorous and specific in all details.

While the shadow of world war I which started in 1914 had hovered over the country at large for several years, it did not come to dominate the thought and mode of life here until this country entered the conflict in 1917. Being geographically well removed from the coastal regions where public interest is always focused on happenings in Europe this central area was not too aroused nor concerned by what was happening way over in Europe. With no radio nor television to report daily or hourly on disasters abroad, newspaper headlines here were more of general interest. I do recall, while out for a Sunday afternoon drive coming down Front street in Fargo, and seeing flashed on some form of news specials, that the U.S had entered the war. This of course was April 17, 1917, Easter Sunday, but it left little real concern in the minds of most people altho Borotha and Dudley were greatly concerned and wondering aloud if and when the Germans would get to Moorhead.

However, in the back of my mind, there was a growing concern over my position and this part of the country itself as a place to live in permanently. It was bitterly cold here in the long winters - often 30 degrees below zero for weeks at a time, and the children were literally shut up for half a year at a time. The country itself was a dead prairie, with no winding roads, woods, hills or rarely, lakes. - no place to go now that we had a car. Also, along with all of the faculty, we seemed at a standstill as to salary. I had reached \$2,000.00 maximum, including private voice, and apparently there would be little or no increase. Pres. Weld, himself was a strange combination of personal characteristics and questionable moral

status. He was a tall, handsome, dark eyed individual who outwardly wore a friendly, genial expression, back of which lay a steely coldness that came to the surface when anything or anyone roused his ire. It was an awareness of this trait, on the part of the faculty and students alike that created a tenseness in all situations, social or personal, where he was concerned. At assemblies, with the faculty on the stage with him and the student body down in front, he, and all of us would wait for silence, when he would slightly incline his head in my direction as a signal for me to announce and conduct the opening hymn, at the close of which, while we were getting seated he would step to the speakers stand, with another short wait for silence that would make the falling of the proverbial pin sound like a crash and then start the topic of the day which was, to his credit, always well chosen and exceedingly well presented. But if, in the midst of his talk or reading, his eye caught an inattentive or whispering student, there would be an ominous dead silence and he would say, "If that girl in the red dress at the end of the row does not care to listen, she may take this time to leave the room." Of course the poor girl shrank down in her seat as far as she could and the rest of the audience took a deep breath again. The antithesis of this occurred one day when the Governor of the state, Burnquist was a guest speaker of the morning (foot note - he was a class mate of Mary's at Carleton, More about him later in a more personal connection) Mr. Weld had just stepped to the desk to introduce the speaker and was at his genial best, when there was a loud crash from the faculty midst but not a sound from the student body - no one was breathing - Mr. Weld slowly turned his head toward where the sound had originated to see a stoutish man of the faculty, whose folding chair had succumbed and spread its four legs out flat on the floor with its

occupant's two legs doing the same. But Mr. Weld had quickly sized up the psychological situation with its pent up hilarity bursting at the seams for release and his own sense of humor crowding him hard, turned slowly to the audience, with a smile spreading slowly over his face he looked down at his desk, shaking all over with mirth. This in itself let loose the stifled reactions to a natural laugh-producing scene - some of the faculty men, in the spirit of the occasion, helped the hero of the hour to his feet, brought him forward where he made a low bow amid loud applause. The laughter had run its course and everyone sat down relaxed and ready to listen attentively to the Governor.

To follow up the comments just made as to my general discontent with the locale and the growing tenseness in faculty - administration within the College, I finally screwed up my courage to "beard the lion in his den" and make a direct approach to the idea of my looking about for a change in locale, with the major reason for a change being the health and welfare of our fairly large, young and growing family. With this approach as to my reason, rather than any dissatisfaction in my professional growth, The President was quite understanding and agreed that it then being late May, he could let me have until late or mid summer term to look around, at which time I would have to come to a decision. This was fair enough and he offered to write letters of recommendation for any specific 'leads' that I might find. I lost no time in getting into action - joined a teachers agency in Chicago with Charles E. Lutton, a specialist in teacher placement in the music field.

This man, thru whom I ultimately secured my next position of long tenure, and I became very good friends and, during my long stay as the head of the music department, I hired some thirty teachers thru him. A search for a new position in a specialized field is usually a slow moving process and I put in many anxious hours that summer, watching the mail for the right kind of a lead. It was late June before a notice of real interest came from Lutton advising that he was recommending me for a Normal School music headship in Mount Pleasant Michigan that was well worth looking into, and if I wished, he would arrange for a personal meeting with the president in Chicago.

I wired him to go ahead and in early July I had an appointment scheduled to meet President E. C. Warriner at the Palmer House at an early fixed date. The meeting itself was one of 'kindred souls' for we in this leisurely casual interview, found that we had many interests and views in common. He was a warm hearted, genial, sincere kind of a man, as interested in my personal life, family, church and social interests as in my professional background. I had taken along a number of family photos and several of my favorite songs which I sang for him with a volunteer pianist. He told me a lot about the school - that he was new on the job, appointed to the post in April and that I, if I took the position, would be his first department head to hire. We parted with the general assurance that I would have very good consideration, but that he could not make it definite until he got back home. Sensing that an early decision was urgent for me, he promised to wire me the day after he got back. True to his word, the wire came in due time, offering me the place with the first year's salary to be \$2200.00, with an expected liberal raise for the next year. Needless to say, I accepted by wire immediately and all of our thinking took on a forward look toward Michigan.

With the question of the new job settled, we started right in on the most urgent ~~items~~ in preparation for moving, the most important being the selling of the house - advertising it and hoping for the best. We got a most promising prospect very soon, an official of the IWW's - Independent workers of the World, popularly referred to locally as the "I Won't Work" society. He came personally to see the house, walked hurriedly thru it, said it was just about what he wanted, and left saying that he would be back just as soon as he returned from a trip outside the state. But it was near the close of the summer term when we had most of the furniture ready for moving except that for the last minute needs and our minds pretty well adjusted to the idea of leaving without the house being sold and left in the hands of a real estate man when, the IWW man walked in, asked if the house was still available, and when we assured him it was, he knelt down on the lawn and, writing on his knee, wrote a check for \$1,000.00 as down payment. He said if we would leave all of the papers consummating the deal at the bank, he would pay the balance before he moved in around September first. This was a great relief to us and, to his credit, the money was in the bank to our credit in due time. At that time household goods had to be moved by freight and we were told that it would take at least a month for them to reach Mt. Pleasant. We managed to get everything loaded and off before we left the next day by car in the first long trip ever taken in the Ford. Even the necessary minimum of personal belongings were hard to stow in a car with no sign of a trunk, and they had to go in large suit cases fastened on the fairly running boards.

Our inside arrangements put Dudley, seven, and Harold, four, in the front seat with me, they being the most agile in getting out and in every time we took on gas (under the front seat) In the back seat Mary, Dorothea, ten, and Art, two years old were pretty well banked in

sundry, daily enroute needs in the way of food and clothing.

A number of our closest friends, with their families of small children came over to see us off on the epoch-making thousand mile trek, to a new home in a 'backEast' state, and we were off to a fast twenty five mile pace.

There was no one best or specified route from place to place and the driver made his own choice whether to go via the red or the yellow trail to the next town of any size. The only signs to help the traveller stay on the right road, were occasional patches of yellow or red painted on a tree or a telegraph pole.

Our first and only stop over was to be at Fairmont, where Dudley Brainard had just taken over the superintendency of schools and his mother was again his house keeper as he was not as yet married. I know that I could not now retrace our route - over now unused roads but the approximate mileage now is some three hundred miles, and I imagine that with our early start we made it in a day.

Only two things stand out to me now concerning our several days there. One, Dudley was writing a book, and he had a very disturbing cough, just acquired, and because of this, he asked me to do some typing for him which I did in my "worse than now" style. His cough became so bad that a doctor was called in but he could not diagnose any specific malady. To clear up this matter now - after we had been in Mt. Pleasant up to November and the nation wide epidemic of the first Asian Flu struck the town and us, we were then sure that Dudley Brainard had one of the first cases of this disease and that the house being open in warm summer weather, we had none of us caught it.

The second odd connection for me was at a big town picnic out in a woods somewhere. This town was the home town of Governor Burnquist and he was the guest of honor. We naturally met him thru Dudley and in chatting, we found that we were leaving Moorhead for good.

He motioned me to one side and asked if I would take a short stroll to get away from the crowd, which we prodeded to do, and he launched out into the matter that he had in mind.

He, as Governor, was ex-officio head of the governing boards of the state colleges, and it seemed that persistant rumors had come to him, many from school men, to the effect that things were not above suspicion in the case of President Weld and, I suppose, knowing now that I was no longer connected with the college, he thought I might feel free to help set him straight as to the local situation.

I had known, thru very 'sub rosa' sources, that Mr. Weld was something of a Don Juan on some of his out of town trips. I also had some very special information on the topic, thru, of all strange sources, Mary's mother. It seems that many years back, she had been living in a town of Zumbrots near Minneapolis, when Frank Weld was the young school superintendant there. It seems that one day Mrs. Weld, quite aware of a 'situation' there, walked to the school in later 'after school' hours with a horse whip in hand and walked in on a tete-atete, involving her husband and a young teacher, and told the pair that if the young woman did not leave town the next day, she would horsewhip them oth in public. Such a rash unorthodox procedure could not go un-noticed in a small town and the terms of her ultimatum were followed.

Of course I did not include this choice bit of gossip in talking with the Governor, but stressed the tense, strained Faculty-Administration relations that existed there. This talk evidently did help clarify the Governor's total picture of the situation and brought quick action for we learned during our first year at Mt, Pleasant that Mr, Weld had resigned to go into the publishing business in Lincoln, Nebraska.

.Continuing on in our trip, the first factor that came up for consideration was that of selecting a fitting place for

pitching tent for the night. We had a new tent but it was none too roomy and not too mosquito proof. There were no special places for, nor even restrictions against camping, so a good dry looking school yard was a frequent choice, schools not being in session in summer. These were usually near some farm house where we could get a quart of milk or safe drinking water. We always carried a supply of 'canned heat' for use in coffee or milk.

We also had a very important item of travel, a mending outfit for 'flats' - indispensable, quick working and effective. In about a half hour, I could take the tire off the wheel, find the leak, rough it up a bit with a small file, apply the adhesive, clamp down the rubber patch for five minutes, get the tire back on, and we were off for perhaps several hours of trouble free driving.

After crossing the Mississippi river early one morning, we had an uneventful drive across Wisconsin, ending up just before dark in time to catch a boat from Milwaukee to Ludington. About the only thing to cause comment in driving the several miles of Milwaukee streets were the traffic signs with speed limits of thirty five miles per hour. which brought loud laughter from the kids as that exceeded our usual speed. The boat trip afforded us a restful night's sleep, a chance to clean up and dress up a bit, ready for an early start on what was to be the last leg of our journey- to Mt. Pleasant, by noon, we hoped.

We left Ludington on very good roads labeled U. S. 10 and our hopes were high. But about eight miles out our hopes were dashed to the ground- to sand pits in fact. At this junction there were three or four deep rutted sand trails, all leading in a generally easterly direction. I walked to a nearby small house and asked the woman who came to the door, which road was the one that led to Reed City, the

the apparent goal, according to the map. She laughed and answered that they all led to the same place and were all equally bad.

With this assurance of at least being on the right road, we drove hopefully on and at each crossing or junction, picked the one that at that point seemed less deep as to sand. If anything like a hill loomed ahead of us, the front seater, except the driver, climbed out and picked tall weeds, grass and brakes to put in the ruts to give a little traction for the wheels, with the motor in low.

"So," we thught, "Is this Michigan with Federal cross state highways like this ?" But as we finally 'sailed into' Reed City, with its paved streets, we asked the man at the gas station about the roads on to Mt. Pleasant and he assured that our troubles were over with very good roads the rest of the way.

Late that afternoon we arrived at our real destination, found a room in the only hotel, rested a bit, cleaned up and went out to lunch. Going back to the hotel we took a liesurely stroll around a few extra blocks, and when we saw our car with its excess baggage removed, it looked inviting enough for us to all climb in for a drive about town particularly the the college area - for a glimps ofthis town of 4800 people that, tho we did not know it then, was to be our home for the next thirty years

THE MOUNT PLEASANT ERA

At the time of our entrance into this new scene of action, Mount Pleasant was not a prepossessing looking town and had apparently been at a standstill for some time, even before the war.

As for the Normal School, it had also reached a point of low ebb both educationally and in growth aspects. As elsewhere, the war had taken most of its young men students and at the opening of that Fall term two hundred and sixty students were registered. But at this juncture a kindly fate stepped in and the President was notified ten days before the opening that the Army would be sending a quota of the newly established Student Army Training Corps of several hundred men. While everyone welcomed this addition to the student personnel, near pandemonium set in with a wild scramble to get accommodations, living quarters and equipment for so large a crowd on so short a notice.

Four buildings comprised the entire campus lay out - Administration, Training School, Science and Gymnasium, with not a dormitory yet built. The final decision, without much freedom of choice, was to turn over the entire Gym to this new SATC factor on the campus. When they arrived the three Army Officers in charge were, in a coincidence hard to match, respectively Lt. Walker, Lt. Rider, and Lt. Dancer. So, with a brighter outlook for the opening day, we will go back to the family long enough to find a place for them to live, which proved to be no easy task, with little choice from. But after a long search, a real estate man came up with an alternative to my being forced to buy, which I did not want to do, with an offering that deserves a little space.

This offering was a big old house occupying or rather in the center of a whole city block, just across from the Training School with a mixed orchard of apple, pear and cherry trees for a lwan, plus a roomy barn at one side, perfect for parking the Ford for the winter. It was known locally as the "Old Jamison Place" a ten room house with a newly installed hot water heating system - and all this for thirty dollars a month. To account for our living and doings in the period prior to getting into this house - Aunt Fran and Uncle Vede were still living at Ithaca, or rather, they were back for the summer in their old home that they still owned, while they spent the winter in Atlanta, Georgia where Frank and Anna also lived.

When we made our first run down to see them and they found that we were staying at a hotel, they insisted that we bring the family down and stay with them until we had our house and furnishings available. This we were particularly glad to do for there was nothing for the youngsters to do in a hotel. I could then feel free to commute as necessary to Mt. Pleasant to attend to the housing deal. Fortunately after signing up for the place, we got word that our freight car of household goods had arrived and that we had three days to get them out before a penalty rental would be charged. Dudley, a very good helper at seven years, went up with me and we managed to get everything moved out and into the house the first day. The next day we all came back after four or five days with the Barbers and between us all we got the basic needs for sleeping quarters attended to and kitchen utensils with food on hand so that we spent that night under our own roof, with ample leisure the next several days for finding just where every thing should go for permanent location. When finally adjusted, our furnishings were quite adequate even in this ten room house

we did not seem to rattle. Dorothea and Dudley were now in the fifth grade and found just running across the street to school very handy. Likewise mine was only a step further, as the old main building stood where Warriner hall is and Ronan Hall now spreads itself over the grounds of this old house.

I shall make no particular comment on the new SATC, for ~~its life was short here~~. Two aspects or happenings stand out in retrospect, looking back over the interim of fifty years

The first was the deadly impact of the first great Asian Flu epidemic to strike ~~this country~~ which came with such sudden attack caught us off guard. Almost overnight the 'Gym' became a hospital with stricken army men lying on mattresses that so covered the floor of the Gym that it left barely room for the volunteer nurses to move about. All regular students, mostly girls, were sent home for the care they could not get here. While ~~the percentages of fatalities were not~~ high, there were enough to make the situation rather stark, and a great worry for those in charge, school and army alike.

But this dark side of the picture was quickly changed immediately following the recuperative period for the sick, when the big news of the Armistice was flashed around the world. Even this first announcement, which proved to be mature for a few days, gave us and the whole world a chance for wild rejoicings and celebrations- hanging and burning the Kaiser in effigy in the town square and the second and authentic announcement, roused us to even greater fervor and intensity.

This welcome news coming in mid november, gave the school and Army time to disband on the part of one and to reorganize its programs on the part of the other, Many of the draftees were recent high school graduates, and after this chance to get acquainted with the school and faculty, many stayed on as regular students. This new development gave not only an increased enrollment but brought new

enthusiasm and purpose to the entire campus life, and the new term opened with an optimistic outlook that the school had not known in some time past.

By the end of that winter term, two big decisions, by and about me, had been made that took quite a load off my mind. I did not mention when I accepted the position, a slight shadow that hung over the total picture. The man whose place I was taking had got a leave to enter the service and, while this did not bind to school to hold the place open for him, there was some kind of 'gentlemens agreement' that he could be considered again on his return.

President Warriner, being new, was aware of but not party to this rather tacit understanding, had not wanted to commit himself until he found the facts of the situation. So when he called me into his office in early Spring, I was prepared for most anything. But he came right to the point and said that several of the long time faculty men on whose opinions he relied on matters reaching back of his regime, had been in to see him, singly and collectively, urging him to reappoint me at once to continued service on the staff, and this he was doing as of then. I learned later that the group of men included Calkins, Larzalere, Beddow and Tambling. It seems that my predecessor had been hired to teach voice only and, when the incumbent head of the department died in office, this man had been appointed to act as head for the balance of the term only.

The second decision that I spoke of was a matter of housing again. It had become definite that a Dormitory would be built on the grounds of our house in early Fall. I had had my mind on a lot in a woody spot across the street from the school and now with my tenure assured, I began figuring on the possibility of building on this lot and the family were all for it

I approached Mr. Warrinre as to the attitude the school might have toward such a move and he assured me that it would be all right for he was sure the school would never expand in that direction.

With this assurance, I started in on securing the lot, which had the "for sale" sign posted on it. Thru the agent for the lot I learned that a hundred foot frontage would cost five hundred dollars, which even in those days was reasonable and I ordered the agent to secure the deed.

We spent a week or so going over plans from a Bay City Company, the originators, and best known of all the companies offering the new idea called (ironically) "ready built homes". In reality every piece of lumber going into a certain house was cut to the exact size and numbered. We found an experienced carpenter who was not averse to this type of construction and by mid August the lumber had come and work had started, on this 'Bungalow' styled house, very popular then origination in California. Building was a much slower process then, with all excavating done by horse drawn scoops and endless shovelling and with no electric tools for carpenters. But we will leave all these worries to the builders and report that on December 12, of that year we were able to move in. Statistically, this story and a half house with five bed rooms, living room with fireplace, music room (den) separated from living room by glass doors, dining room, kitchen, bath on each floor, full basement with a back-in garage, with the hundred foot lot - cost in toto \$5,000.00 comparable with today's \$20,000.00 homes. To indicate something of the conservative nature of the citizenry - because the house was in a very pretty grove of trees that had always been called the 'woods', I was asked by several if we planned to live there winters also. After all of this build-up for the house, it would be anti climax not to record

'moving day' the long anticipated event for all of us.

It was a bitter cold day, that December 12, 1919, but no snow, and all of the youngsters wanted to help by carrying their numerous and sundry personal belongings via their own express wagons or by armsfull for the oneblock from old to new house. There was a relatively efficient moving van for the piano and regular household goods, and these men made quick work of it by making several of these short trips to avoid a slow process of close packing which made the settling process very easy. By the end of the day we had a pretty well organized dinner in 'state' in the new dining room, after which we lighted the fire in the new fireplace, one of the house's chief attractions, and sat around its blazing warmth until an early bed time.

Probably the most significant house warming event in the new home, our fifth house to live in, was the arrival of the fifth member of the family group on January 29, 1920 and who, by popular group assent, was named Lucile Adele, which had no particular tie up with any family name. The full significance of the name, some time later, appeared when someone discovered that the initials spelled a word - LAP - which coincidence, in the light of the old saying that one so named "would have great riches" must surely in this case mean "sitting in the LAP of luxury."

Moving from episode to episode still seems to be the best approach as we go along. Right after our decision to move to Michigan, we learned that Clarence and Mary were tentatively committed to move from Waterloo, Iowa, to Alma Michigan, and while we were staying with Aunt Fran at Ithaca, she told us that the new theater being built for them was finished and awaiting their expected arrival in a week or so.

So, without any planning in advance nor even awareness of each others plans, we had landed in Michigan in the two towns only twenty miles apart. Roads by this time were improving year by year and we had a back and forth intercourse for quite a period of time while the family was growing up. I am afraid that this 'intercourse' became quite one sided, as the children became great movie fans, in these days when all movies were wholesome, enjoyable entertainment for all ages - and it was hard to see a Friday night go by without a run over to the Strand Theater, where the owners passed us thru the doors 'ticketless' Altogether, these were great days. Mary and Clarence first drove a 'Peerless' car followed by a Franklin with an air cooled motor, while we changed our Ford (mileage 4800 in three years) for an Oakland, a fine looking rangy car but with nothing under the hood, that would guarantee a return trip home in a thirty mile drive. This gave the makers such a bad name that they dropped it and came out with the Pontiac. We kept ours only a year and risked another new make, the Durant, one of the first "glass enclosed" cars, a characteristic that I had earlier vowed I would never ride in.

While a teachers main business is in the day by day classroom - teacher, pupil contacts - there are extenuating circumstances when extra mural activities may contribute more to the institution as a whole than the routine program. It is along this latter field of work that I want to expand a bit in recounting in some detail a project originating at Central which developed into a movement with state wide repercussions in the whole field of music.

I had read somewhere about a program in Kansas where an area group of high schools met for a songfest and it had evolved into a contest within the group. with agreed upon 'rating systems' thru which winners were selected by disinterested judges, as in athletics.

It struck me as being a potential motivation or stimulus toward a higher level of excellence in musical performance - if handled thru and by a central disinterested organization. I thought the matter over for several days, going into some details as to plans for instituting such an enterprise, and then went to see the President about our sponsoring such a program for state wide participation. After his first doubts as to whether the arts in any form could withstand the cold blooded treatment given athletic contests, he began to see, as I had, the potentials lying back of such an idea, and he told me to go ahead and as far as possible, to formulate a detailed procedure and manner of approach to the schools of the state thru their music directors.

This was a fairly large order and I sat up nights blocking in key features of the proposed program and, as the time was getting short for a trial first event that coming May. I formulated a definite program of events, required music numbers for the various fields of performance, glee clubs, choruses, orchestras and possible soloists, along with rules and points to be considered in judging the merits of competitive performances - all of which went out in the first letter of announcements to the various music directors in the high schools.

To help make sure of a representative groups and enough entrants to make competition interesting and meaningful, I decided to visit in person some of the larger high schools of the Class A groups, and thru the directors themselves arranged for me to give a brief explanatory talks on the contest plans. Also, using "medicine mens" tactics I offered to bring along a male

quartet to sing a few numbers for the special gatherings.

These plans materialized and, with this quartet that had been singing together for some time and were quite good, we visited the Bay City, Saginaw, Flint high schools on quite a 'barn storming' tour and found enthusiastic receptions each time, as attested by the fact that they all entered the contest in all events.

With these top schools as a nucleus, the contest's successful start was assured and many class 'B' and 'C' from various parts of the state followed suit with most of them entering several or all events, making around a a hundred entries. This year's participants, together with planned publicity, spread the news of the contest activity so that the 1922 announcements received early registrations with an estimated four hundred contestants coming.

With these two years of experience to go on, I had decided that to remove any cause for criticism as to the fairness of the several judges' decisions, there should be only one judge, and he from out the state - a man with sufficient prestige and musical and professional accomplishments broad enough to make his name well known in the music field. There was just one man that I could think of with such a background, plus a personality both genial and dynamic enough to face up to this task. This was Peter Dykema, then head of the Department of Music at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. When I took this up with President Warriner, he offered to pay \$300.00 and local expenses for the two days if Dykema would come. Mr. Dykema was much interested in this new movement and agreed to accept the post, which news, when sent out to the directors of music in all the schools

added new enthusiasm for the project.

With the endless amount of detailed work looming up ahead of us, it seems best to present the next two years with Dykema as sole judge retrospectively rather than Chronologically. So I will be briefly statistical as to the mere growth of the contest, and then attempt to give a true picture of the contest movement in its fourth season, 1924.

Even our two first years in handling crowds and scheduling successive events in the program - to keep the constant program running smoothly and rapidly without seeming rushed - did not quite prepare us for the the third season's 800 entrants - almost twice the number enrolled in the college itself. But they were nice youngsters and as orderly as possible trying to keep informed as to their upcoming performance on the stage and then to work thru crowds to get there,

By 1924 Michigan roads were getting much better and cars roomier and faster and the large school buses had come into wide use all of which relieved the housing problem vastly, as more and more drove home for the night. But even these factors did not keep pace with the growth of the contest. Altho we knew in advance the approximate number coming, by the enrollment, we still were somewhat dazed as the fifteen hundred contestants began rolling in, tho fortunately, not all at one time.

The remaining larger cities whose officials had watched the progress from the sidelines during the first years of the contest now came pouring in with full quotas. Flint, Bay City, Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Battle Creek all brought along as their main competing events full seventy piece orchestras as their directors had found from preceding years that in order to win in this highly competitive area, they must have full symphonic instrumentation

Detroit, Lansing, Pontiac and Ann Arbor, among many others, came with their large A Capella Choirs.

After two days of constant performance before the judge, all contesting groups and individuals - there were over ninety in the sole field - had taken their turn and all was finally set for the big evening of awards, with the judges comments, all in all the real spectacular event of the whole series.

But Peter Dykema, faced with these groups on whom he must pass judgement on their respective musical merits, had remained outwardly imperturbable. As he knew quite well several of the men directors thru national meetings he was quite careful about being seen in conversation with them - men like W. W. Norton of Flint, John Beaty of Grand Rapids and Joe Maddy of Ann Arbor - and they respectively his aloofness. We did, however, have all of the directors, men and women, over to our house for a six o'clock last day dinner out on the lawn with Dykema a kind of special guest, where everyone met him and each other for informal chats, but no tete-a-tete chats were indulged in nor shop talk. Mr. Dykema stayed at our house the two nights for this same reason.

In preparation for this final big event, Mr. Warriner and I, some weeks back, had got together with the listings of all events coming up and had ordered the awards covering everything - large silver cups of varying sizes for the larger ensembles in class A, B, and C impressiv^e plaques for others and even for each of the winning soloists music styled pins to the individuals. All of these made a glamorous showing displayed on the stage at the opening of the program.

So, for this final night, the hall, with its limited ~~***~~ seating capacity of eight hundred, the Auditorium was bursting at the seams with spectators, local and visitors, and with the wide double doors kept wide open, crowds of contestants lined the walls, leaving an entry

way for those due to appear on the stage. On the stage Mr. Dykema stood at the speakers desk with his hands overflowing with sheets of elaborate notes dictated by him to a stenographer at his right during every event of the two days work. He was flanked in the rear of the stage by Mr. Warriner, surrounded by an array of silverware from which he hoped to be able to find the right piece in time to pass to me as winners came up to receive the awards. But this awarding was no "come and get it" style of procedure - no perfunctory pat on the back then on to the next. Dykema was a "Master of Ceremonies" par excellence, with a inimitable style in giving criticism along with the favorable points, that left no sting in the heart of the criticized because of his constructive approach.

In this way the groups from which the winners came, were were naturally the most vociferous in their applause, the losers were much more than just polite in their hearty response. The fact of this prevailing attitude brings up another of my 'foot notes' At the beginning of the contest movement I had run across a phrase in an article on the 'Old Welsh Singers' who had carried on an unbroken chain of annual contests from the year 1100 down to World War I. and their 'Aim' was declared so effectively that I adopted it as our motto. it ran "Not to win a prize nor defeat an adversary, but to 'Pace one another on the road to excellence." The directors had emphasized this motto in working with their groups and it had much to do with maintaining this fine attitude.

So it was that this, the last session of the State-Wide Music Contests came to a glorious close with exuberance running high some little time after midnight.

So it was that this, the last session of the State Wide Music Contest came to a glorious close with exuberance running high to the last.

In talking things over with the president next morning, after congratulating each other on our big success, Mr. Warriner was most delighted with what the contest had done for the school, bringing as it did, so many high school students from all parts of the state on to the campus for an exciting, participating activity. This aspect was brought out and verified that Fall by our vastly increased enrollments in in all branches of the curriculum. The Music Department felt this most, both in point of numbers and in the musical caliber of the students

The dark spot in the picture for continuing the contest was our now proven inability to handle the highly probable larger enrollments. While we were puzzling over the problems of future plans, John Beatty stepped into the picture and suggested a plan that we had to admit was a normal solution to the problem. He had just been made State Supervisor of Music and needed some such 'motivating' cause to justify the newly created office. He tactfully approached the idea of having his office take over the state wide aspect of the contest, dividing the state into four divisions or Centers, with Central still the number one section as to size and importance. As much as we regretted having the contest split up, we knew that it was too top heavy for us to handle and we agreed to the new proposal. This proved to be a fortunate move for me with new important developments coming up of which I knew nothing at this time.

My private voice work had become an important part of my program with twenty five to thirty lessons a week on top of my regular class room teaching, and I had felt the need of further study in this field, so when the Chicago Musical College announced that Herbert Witherspoon, leading Basso of the Metropolitan, already a much heralded and sought after voice teacher, would be

a featured guest voice teacher for the summer, and I got in touch with them and arranged for the term of lessons with him. For the record I might mention here that I continued this same voice work the following summer, staying each time with the same friends, the Stanfords, that I did several years back - the ones who lived one block back of the house where Dorothy and Dudley lived a number of years later and still do as I write this in July 1965.

An interesting analogy existed between William Shakespeare, with whom I studied several years earlier and I will try to be brief in relating it. The last half of the nineteenth century, which came to be known in the music world as the "Golden Age of Song" or the "Bel Canto" era. This period of fifty years was dominated completely by two great voice teachers - father and son successively - the Lampertis, who so revolutionized the art of singing that it made Italy the "sine qua non" for voice study. Shakespeare was a product of the first Lamperti and became a shining light as a disciple of his teachings in his famous book, "The Art of Singing". Witherspoon, a generation later studied with the younger Lamperti and became a living exponent of this new philosophy of singing in his world wide concertizing and twelve years of leading Basso of the 'Met'. I did not realize then as well as I do now, all that it meant to have had these two contacts in a kind of "Apostolic succession" from the fountain head itself. Shakespeares, English, deliberate, somewhat ponderous in style, erudite but forceful; Witherspoon American, dynamic in style, lucidly clear, graphic in his approach to techniques, and quick to illustrate a vocal point in question by singing it with his own brilliant, powerful voice. Anyway, the two revolutioned my ideas on singing and teaching, and in a way the two complemented each other by their diametrically opposed personalities.

But to get back after this long digression from the main line of thought to the more or less mundane affairs at Mount Pleasant. Different events came in such close succession that I can merely relate them without trying to tie them in with others. The lots just north of our house and lot was becoming a bit of an eye sore as students who drove in to school got the trick of tying their horses and various outfits there. Our house had proven to be a good venture and, as I had just had a twenty payment life insurance policy mature, with a cash value of \$2,000.00, we decided to buy the lot and build a rental house for teachers only. Using the same builders and the same source for materials as in the first, we had things rolling in a short time, ready for occupancy in the late Fall of 1922. It was a three bed room, living room, dining room and kitchen set-up which we furnished thru out with complete new furnishings, and three women teachers, who had been in temporary housing, waiting for its opening, moved in at once. I had agreed to take care of the heating, for all of which they paid a total of ninety dollars a month, a fairly high price for those days. This arrangement worked out very successfully for all concerned.

Another abrupt jump to another topic. With the steady advance of emphasis on college teachers' credentials I had become keenly aware of the fact that I must get my baccalaureate degree very soon to meet these demands. Up to this point both Michigan and Minnesota as well as New York states had been very ~~lenient~~ lenient in their demands on special teachers of the arts holding degrees in their fields of study. But with Normal Schools fast becoming State Teachers Colleges offering degrees themselves, it behooved all such instructors to meet the new requirements soon. I talked this over with Pres. Warriner and he reminded me that I would be eligible for a Sabbatical leave of absence for study in 1925. This left a clear pathway open for making long range plans for the

for the full year off. I decided that it would be smart to use the summer that was just upon us to pick up as many credits as possible to apply on the many credits that I was sure I would need. To put this into operation I decided to take the whole family to New York where I could attend Teachers College, Columbia. What proved to be an ideal set up for the summer came thru our friends the Thorntons, who put us in touch with the owner of a very nice home in the small town of New Jersey, Leonia, which we discovered after our arrival, was easy walking distance to the Ferriss which plied back and forth to the New York side, from which dock it was also about walking distance to Teachers College.

Altogether, this was and still is, the best way to visit and live in New York with a family - live completely outside of New York and cross over on occasions as desired. I will dismiss the subject of our trip to New York in our new Durant merely by saying that it was a five day trip and most of our nightly stop overs were by tent, still a very much used means of travel at that time. To record our trip home in equally brief style - we took a long circuitous route following the 'Old Post Road' along the shore of Long Island Sound thru Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, well out on to Cape Cod as far as Hyannis, at the out skirts of which we camped on the beach. Here we indulged in what seemed to be the most popular pastime - digging clams while the tide was out. This would have been a nice adventure had we not decided, on the advice of natives, to carry the process thru and cook some of the many clams we had. Every one except Lucile who was too young or perhaps too smart to indulge, ate our fill and paid the price, I am sure that none of us was ever so nauseated as after eating this favorite New England dish, and I am equally ^{sure} that not one of us has has ever eaten even one since that experience. Going on next day via Plymouth Rock where we stopped briefly and then moved northward to

Pepperill. Massachusetts, just south of the New Hampshire line where some of Mary's relatives still lived- the Shattucks, in a big, old New England house, where the youngsters had a grand time playing around the barns and rifting on all forms of animal propelled locomotion. After two nights stay here (everything is measured in terms of 'nights' when you are camping) we headed west on our still long trek back home, uneventful except for one more night's stop, this time at my cousin Howard Power's home near Auburn, New York.

Once home, after a few days to recuperate from the rigorous 'vacation', I found time to appraise the results of our summer's work and I felt sure that the six hours of credit that I had earned would come in handy when applied to the credits toward the next year's study. Dototha and Dudley had each made good use of the chance for study, she with Lacy Coe in violin, the man with whom she was to study with later on, and he in cello with a teacher by the name of Dubinsky.

Passing over the basic school teaching activities, I will move on to the next early spring when, for me, some exciting events began. Out of a clear sky, came a night letter from the University of Southern California, offering me a position in their summer session as guest Professor in the School of Music with an honorarium of \$500.00. This offer fitted into my general scheme of things quite perfectly for me as our faculty now was on a twelve month payment schedule. with every third summer off on full pay, and this was my third summer. As an odd coincidence, I had little more than accepted this position when I had another complete surprise wire from the University of California at Berkley offering me the same kind of position as the the previous one at \$600.00 for the term. Naturally I had to turn this down. In neither case did I ever learn of any direct contact information that led to these offers, and I have to assume that it was

Largely

due to the publicity I had in connection with the Music Contest.

But a third occurrence, an equally unsolicited and unexpected came as a complete solution to my problem in getting a degree in my Sabbatical year off. I was attending the National Convention of Music Supervisors in Chicago, when I ran across an old Potsdam friend that I knew in the Crane Institute while I was there. . . He suggested that as we were just registering at the hotel, we might get a room together so that we could visit, which we did. He told me that he was head of the Public School Music at the School of Music at the USC where I was to teach for the summer, and that while he had nothing to do with it, he had heard that I was to be on the staff for the summer and another idea came to him. He was taking the year off to get his Doctor's degree at Teachers College in New York and he wondered if I could stay on and take over his department. For the regular nine month year the job would pay \$2500.00 plus a considerable from the voice work that I would fall heir to. I brought up the subject of my getting a degree with about thirty hours of work to get in during the year, and he assured me that with the wide range of courses offered in the down town quarters of the University at night and late afternoon courses on the campus, I would have no trouble. When he left the room I stayed on to do a little figuring on the financial end of the proposed deal before making a final decision. From the Mount Pleasant end, with half pay for the nine months away and full pay for the summer just coming up, would amount to \$2300.00 and therental for the two houses \$1200.00. From the University full year \$3,000.00 and a tentative \$1200.00 - a total of \$7,000.00 This seemed quite adequate and I told this friend, Arnold Wagner that I would accept this offer. To fully evaluate this income in terms of prevailing

teacher salaries in 1925, it might be noted that President Warriner, along with the other presidents ~~of the~~ of the Teacher Colleges, received a salary of \$5,000.00 and faculty heads of departments, 3600.00. So, all in all, there must have been some kindly 'genie' waving a wand wrecklessly in our behalf, to have made all of this chain of circumstances dovetail so perfectly into such an ideal program for all concerned. I am sure that my good friend on the faculty, Ira Baddow, of the speech department would, at such a juncture as this, come up with his pet remark, "Well, the Lord takes care of fools and children."

The remainder ~~of~~ that Spring Term was somewhat hectic in trying to carry on the regular program of work and to clarify the departmental in detail for those who would takeover my work for the year plus our personal plans in reducing to a very minimum the really essential things to take along on the long drive.

Probably the most demanding need was a new car - one much roomier and more comfortable than the Durant, for so long a trip. It took only a brief survey of the newer available cars to bring the focus to the new Hudson Super Six that stood out from all the rest, and when the deal was all completed, we all rode over to Saginaw with the local dealer to pick up car and drive it home ourselves. It was a long rangy seven passenger, with all of the modern (1925) car accoutrements. It even had a 'built on' - not a 'built in' trunk. This new acquirement leads to another topic of interest in connection with the trip west. R. D. Galkins, one of the most outstanding men on the faculty, had just been appointed to a summer teaching position at the University of California in Los Angeles - not Southern California, nor yet Berkley, the original head U of C. Naturally, as soon as this news came, we decided to make the trip together, and, to unite the group more tightly, he bought an exact duplicate of our Hudson

While our crowd was made to order for the seven passenger car, the Calkins had five adults. Both outfits carried large sized tents rolled up tight for the running boards, and each had two large, water proof suit cases for the other running board, while things like bedding and odd pieces of clothing went in the not too big trunk. Most of the crowd followed the prevailing dress for motoring - kahki for themen and 'dusters' for the women.

Now that we are all set for going, why wait for all of the many last minute details. Quite a crowd of our friends were at 'Gover's corner' to see us off and, with hand waving, and tooting of horns, we were off on our 2400 mile trek, aware of the fact that there was no paving on the whole routs except for a few miles either side of the larger towns and cities. It was really ten o'clock when we finally pulled out of town and, with an hours wait along the line for the Calkins to pick up Bruce and his wife, it was late enough by the time we got thru St. Joseph so that we decided to stop for the night in a spot right on the lake with plenty of daylight left for our first try at setting up camp. As we had eaten at a restaurant in St. Joe, we went to bed at dark and consequently we were off for an early start which, I believe, got us as far as Omaha, Nebraska before night.

As we have made four trips to California, one via El Paso, Texas and another as far north as the Yellowstone National Park with the others in between, with a different way out and back each time, I am not too sure of the exact routing even on this first trip. However, certain incidents and important places do stand out clearly which we will try to mention.

One such incident which was a new experience in driving for all of us was 'fording' the North Platte River, the largest tributary of the Missouri river. The road simply ended and tracks led down to the water's edge, with no reassuring signs to lead one to take the plunge. But, while we were all out of the cars for a conference a native with his farm truck came along and offered to lead the way. We watched his successful crossing and decided to follow suit and came thru all dry but the car which, with the Nebraska mud on it, needed washing .

The first one-day stop over was at Colorado Springs, with its main attraction the famous "Pike's Peak" with its 14,000 feet elevation. As we inquired around as to the advisability of driving up in our own car, we were told every where that it was a real hazzard to attempt it. We learned later that this was a local built up taboo to protect the bus business, but we made the ten mile trip up by bus, care free from driver's worries.. Once up to the top, we all jumped out of the bus and the youngsters began running about to celebrate but they very soon stopped it and sat down to rest and even from lesser activity, we all learned what such an elevation meant. In this rarefied atmosphere even the mildest exertion left new comers gasping for breath. So we moved sedately, if at all, and were glad to crawl back into the bus and just gaze at this 'top of the world' scenery. The trip down was a constantly changing- with every curve- panoramic picture of the Rockies. and our enjoyment of it increased along with the increase of oxygen in the air. As we left Colorado Springs next day, some twenty miles South we stopped for several hours at the "Garden of the Gods" a beautiful miniature setting(as far as Rocky Mountain scenery goes) of pinacles, turrets, mounds and cliffs with challenging steps and stairs of varying shades of red rock formations - all a dare to any venturesome youngster to

climb out on some projecting rock or natural stairs to get his picture taken. Then on to Raton Pass, down, down into New Mexico to Las Vegas, Santa Fe and Albuquerque, all exotic enough to be exciting to us. As Albuquerque was apparently the last town with civilized conveniences for the next hundred miles, we stopped here for the night not taking any chances on the offerings of the 'open Country' ahead of us. Being assured of the chance of getting a breakfast at a good restaurant by six o'clock next morning, we were hopeful of making the Grand Canyon by that night. This we did, but barely, as we ran into two real points of interest. The first was quite an area of Petrified Forests right on our way, in fact our road ran thru several miles of this tract and we picked up many fine specimens without deviating from the beaten trail. The second place of great interest was the ancient homes of the Cliff Dwellers - a kind of natural balcony around the inside of a circular wall of stone, a huge amphitheater with intermittent caves dug out of the rock with a natural six foot wide shelf for the walkway. These numberless caves were the homes of this race of ancient Indians. This was quite a long walk from our cars and I remember having to carry Lucile some of the way. We had so overstayed our allotted time for this scene that we barely made the Grand Canyon by sun set but we got our tents up in an allotted space in time for a quick meal at a restaurant, and a fleeting glance at the nearest view of the canyon before we turned in for a good night's sleep to be ready for the next day of anticipated sight seeing. The two families had agreed on a full day stop over here, but as we all felt that a trip down the mile deep canyon, a foot or by Mule back was too strenuous and exhaustive for most of us, and as by noon we had taken pictures of all views, we decided to move on to Needles, to be ready for a morning start across the Mohave Desert. Right after crossing the Colorado River, over quite a pretentious bridge

we were in Needles, not really a town but something as near a camping ground as we had found, with a restaurant and other accommodations for travellers needs. There were numerous cars and their passengers, all including us, ready to make an early morning (three or four o'clock) departure. None of us put up our tents but put our air mattresses along close to the car and slept in our travelling clothes, or most of them to expedite our early start. As the temperature was around a hundred all night, no one really slept much, and before any signs of dawn, the camp was astir and people were getting breakfast at all night service place. The one 'must' for the car was an extra can or bag of water for at this temperature water boils away fast and there are no 'Oases' in this particular desert. We have crossed this desert once or twice since this trip on cloudy days when it was but little warmer than on a very hot day in Michigan, but this one was characteristic, with a blazing sun, blistering to faces not yet gradually tanned. Beyond this aspect and one stop to give the car its last drink, the trip to Barstow, the first real town on the other edge of the desert, was uneventful, but we welcomed the increasing signs of vegetation and scattered trees around Barstow. From there on as we approached San Bernardino the scenery blossomed into avenue of Palms and gay colored flowers, making us feel that at last we had reached the 'promised land'. Here, the Calkins, who had not made arrangements in advance for a place to live, decided to stop for the night, from where they could start out in the morning dressed for the contacts they would be making upon arrival in L. A.

We, on the other hand, had a house awaiting for us and decided to drive on so that we could sleep in a real house as late as we wanted to next morning, which was Sunday. This was sound reasoning, but the outskirts of a city like L. A. can stretch out interminably and driving in any strange city at night is a slow process at best,

so, with many inquiries as we moved along toward the general area of our house, we finally could count the blocks to the right street and at last drew up to the right house about midnight. The key, according to directions, was at the house next door and there was no other way than to rouse the household which we finally succeeded in doing and explained our need. The key was forthcoming and we lost no time in crawling into bed and were asleep in two minutes.

We doubtless would have slept thru till noon if we had not had a rude awakening - a kind of twenty one gun salutes welcoming us to Los Angeles. I was still pretty groggy next morning when I awoke thinking some one was shaking me and the bed. I sat up dazed, to find the rest of the household all in the room, the bed still shaking and the pictures on the wall all askew, when someone of all of the family yelled "earthquake" which I knew was right as soon as the name was mentioned. As soon as we got dressed and down stairs and outside where the neighbors were collected in groups, we learned that it was no Sunday morning side show but a major catastrophe - the Santa Barbara earthquake which wrecked most of the city, some fifty miles up the coast. I had arranged thru some contact, before leaving home, for renting the house of the head of the Speech Department for the summer. It was large enough to do for the summer but we were glad that we were free to find some other place for the mid year. It was a couple of miles to the USC campus, with a street car service very good to the campus and on to the down town district, which made it very handy when I began taking night classes at the well established down town night schools. As we had a respite of several days before school opened, I decided to get my own courses of study for the year settled first, with all requirements for my B.S. degree outlined and agreed upon at the Dean's office.

Once more we come upon a circumstance that worked considerably to my advantage in rather a difficult situation. Back in 1904, Normal Schools' system of accrediting were of such an indeterminate nature as to real value. that they were difficult to translate into terms of 1925 in common use in Universities and colleges. But a few years after I graduated from Potsdam Normal in 1904 Dr. Stowell, President then had resigned to become Head of the Psychology and Education School at USC. I had ~~known~~ known something of this move at the time but had not followed it up lately. He had been in this position for twenty years and USC had come to know intimately the valuations of courses from Potsdam so there was no delayed action in getting things straight on the records. With this status my total work for graduation at Potsdam was the same as Junior College. But by having picked up a miscellany of credits from Universities scattered about the country - Minnesota U. six hours, Bradley Polytechnic at Decora, six hours, Teachers College, Columbia, eight hours, and four hours at Northwestern - I was granted credit for a year's work. Thus there remained thirty hours work to be covered. This was no special hardship as the office was most helpful in spreading the classroom work over the days and hours to my best advantage, appreciating that I was carrying a full teaching load on the staff. Like all schools and colleges, USC had some very good and some not so good teachers. One of the strangest, as to teaching procedures, was a nationally known minister and public speaker, a guest professor for the summer - Dr. Aiken. He was, in passing, a proponent for and an aide to Henry Ford's fantastic project in sending a "Peace Ship" to Europe in a world wide movement to stop World War One at once.

Most of the students in this class over which he presided were middle aged, experienced teachers and he used the purely 'lecture' method, with no class participation. He was brilliant, philosophical, erudite and witty. He had announced at the beginning session that there would be one test only-at the end of the series.

Some of us who were more or less experienced in making out tests began to wonder among ourselves, just what kind of a test this could be, but never approached him on the matter. When it came on the final day, it proved to be a type where the 'writer's opinion is called for and, as a writer's opinion can never be called wrong, we all awaited the outcome with more curiosity than concern. In our last meeting after the test had been turned in, he was his jovial self as he told us that he had spent half the night looking over the interesting contributions turned in to him and that he had finally decided that due to the high level of all the essays, he would give us all 'A,s'

I think we all applauded to keep from laughing aloud. I relate this purely as a humorous incident and in no way related to the instructional status on the campus,

..... There is one continuing note to be made on Dr. Stowell above mentioned. A year before we were there he had been stricken with total paralysis and still lay in a coma. We called there once to see Mrs. Stowell, who told him who we were, but there were no visible signs of recognition to us.

Dudley, who had taken two summers of cello work from Dubinsky in New York learning that the then famous Florence String Quartet made their home in L.A. thought this a good time for starting study with their cellist which he proceeded to do continuing this well into the Fall semester. He began to see, however, that being a good member of a quartet and a good teacher of his instrument are two different things and in the late Fall he changed to a very good instructor, highly regarded in the city, by the name of Simmons.

Dorothy, who had also studied the same two summers with a Lacy Coe in New York, the name picked at random from a listing of teachers, found that his wife's home was in L.A. and they were spending the summer there. I do not recall how we discovered this but she was able to study with him for the season. As a natural follow up of this situation we asked the Coes over to dinner. We had known that Mr. Coe was first assistant to Leopold Auer, the greatest name in all the annals of violin instruction. Auer, a Russian born world figure in the field of Music under the Czar, had been made head of the Royal Conservatory of Moscow and acclaimed for his seeming wizardry in turning out top ranking artists of the day. He escaped from his country's revolution in 1917 and came to New York, bringing with him several of his star pupils just ready for debut, among them Heifitz and Zimbalist, who gave Auer an immediate springboard to fame in this country by their phenomenal artistry in the concert world. One of the reasons given by the inner coterie for Auer's great reputation as a teacher was that he never took a pupil whose musical ability and talent had not been proven by those working with and around him, and Lacy Coe was one of the top few in this protective group.

After this long interpolation on the Auer regime, we will get back to the dinner with the Coes. After the meal was pretty well over and the topic of music was still in the air, Mr Coe rather hesitatingly approached a subject he had in mind. In brief his proposition was to the effect that if we and Dorothea could see our way to do it, he could get her in to study with Auer for the coming year. This was a rather staggering proposal - a wonderful chance for study at top levels but one that would cause quite an upheaval all around for us. The greatest argument against it was the fact that Dorothea, along with Dudley was to finish her last year of high school at the Polytechnic. Also Dorothea, just turned sixteen, had never been away from home any length of time in her life, Also the fact that Los Angeles was so much farther from New York that Michigan would be for keeping in touch with her. The Coes had offered to take Dorothea into their home for the year where he could watch over her work with Auer and give her the two lessons a month alternating with Auer's twice a month lessons.

After all the pros and cons we came back each time with the idea that it was too great an opportunity to turn down and, as Dorothea was all for it, we decided in favor of it. I am sure now that I would never make so rash a decision again, but it worked out all to the good.

. I believe that it was thru Frank and Anna that we got in touch with the owner of a house that was available for rent furnished. It was a big, roomy place with nice furnishings, and just a block from the School of Music where I was to teach and an easy walk to the main campus, and likewise to all the schools the three boys were to attend, which made it quite ideal all around.

So at the close of a relatively uneventful summer term - outside of the topics just covered, we decided to move into the new house at once with plenty of time to make the many readjustments before the opening of the Fall Term.. As this involved only moving our personal belongings that we brought with us from the East, it was a simple matter.. This house was in a nice residential district, on the edge of an area that was, at the turn of the century, the center of the moneyed aristocracy homes, large brick or stone mansions, one or two to the block.

The Music School, just around the corner, had taken over one of this type and, with few alterations, made it into an ideal set up for this music school. Its natural lobby was large enough to serve as business offices and waiting room, a ball room on the second floor became the auditorium and recital hall and former bed rooms with their high ceilings and walnut or mahogany walls made deluxe studios. Mine had a full sized grand piano near the bay window and had ample room for a class of eight or ten students using folding chairs. A side door led out on to a second floor patio - altogether quite deluxe..

At our house again, there were two or three Palm trees in the front lawn and in the back lawn, enclosed by a high tight fence, there were several figs trees that bore so heavily that the boys picked them to sell around the immediate neighborhood.

There is one more residence to mention while we are on the subject. Frank and Anna Monfort and Aunt Fran had built quite well up into the mountains that surround the north and eastern boundaries of the city on a very beautiful site with a unique immediate setting. As you entered the house from the ground level of your parked car, you stepped down a couple of steps to the first floor level of the living quarters. The down stairs level, as you looked out the windows was still at tree top level looking into a deep ravine with

with sloping, rocky cliffs. beyond which, at night you could see the whole of Los Angeles lighted up in spectacular display. Once knowing the route to this place, it became a favorite drive for the family and the two households were back and forth real often. There is no particular time or place to bring up certain topics so, while on the subject of driving I will mention that Dudley learned to drive in Los Angeles. He had just turned fourteen, which was legal driving age then and in this city. Los Angeles at this time was just a big town in style, a nice quiet residential city with none of the mad rush of today. While cars were getting numerous and there were occasional bottle neck line ups in getting out to the beaches, no one got excited about it and the low speed limits were generally obeyed. So, by avoiding areas of probable congestion in our early evening drives, I would move over and let Dudley take the wheel with only an occasional hint as to techniques, and this was his "driver Training" course and he was driving with assurance in a short time. One little incident to cap his driving record in L. A. he did get a ticket for parking overtime in the down town district. It was the day before we were leaving for our trip back to Michigan and he noticed that the time for payment of fine would come when we were at least out in Nevada, so he still owes L. A. \$1.00 except that it is outlawed a long time back.

The time for Dorothea's leaving came several days before school opened for the rest of them and we all went down to see her off. There was a very definite concern shown on the part of the other children, not to say parents, on having her leave for so long a time on so long a trip. She had her ticket thru to New York but did have to change trains in Chicago. To make this a little easier for her and for our peace of mind, I wrote our friends, the Stanfords of Evanston and asked him to meet her on the incoming train and help her get on the the train for New York

His office was down in the Chicago Loop, a short distance from the station and he got there to attend to the transfer. He was also thoughtful enough to send us a wire that he had met her. The Coes of course met her at New York.

I am sure that I must have made some summer contacts with the proper officials at the schools, arranging in advance for the boys' acceptance in the right grades, coming as they did from another state and school. On the opening day of school I walked with them to school - Harold was eleven and Art was nine- to find the best and safest traffic route for the five blocks and met them after school to see if they could retrace their steps of the morning, which they did.

Dudley's situation was not an easy one to face up to. First he was fourteen that June just passed and would thus graduate two weeks before he was fifteen, where the regular is eighteen; he was coming from a relatively small high school to a large one - Polytechnic High had around five hundred Seniors - a large group of both faculty and classmates to get partially acquainted with and adjusted to different approaches in general. That he succeeded in doing this shown by the fact that toward the end of the school year he was chosen as one of two seniors to represent Polytechnic in the annual interscholastic meet between all of the high schools in the city.

So with everyone off to a good start in the Fall term except Lucile, who was five that January, at home with her mother, my "hard to schedule" program of work was finally settled, even to my private voicepupils of which there were nine, all 'inherited' from Mr. Wagner whose place I was taking. Students there could sign up for study with any teacher they wished at the beginning of each semester.

In this connection there was a monthly recital in the Ball Room Where a teacher could present a few of his pupils at his discretion and attendance at these recitals was compulsory for all students, all of which led to a highly competitive situation among students and faculty alike.

I had in my group of voice people several mature students who had done quite a bit of singing in and around the campus and the Music school. a tall, personable baritone - Henry Roth - who came to me as a bass because, he told me, he could not get above an E flat. We went to work with him along the lines of the Witherspoon philosophy of singing and in a very short time he was vocalizing to a top G and in a matter of weeks he was applying this to all of his repertoire. I finally convinced him that he was not even a baritone but rather rare species, a dramatic tenor, which classification Witherspoon concurred in when he went to study with him in the Fall of the coming year.

The last month of the first semester I put him and a real bass and a mezzo soprano on the last recital of the term and the results were almost sensational among their student friends, who were quick to recognize metamorphosis that had taken place in their voices. The real reaction was measured by the fact that at the opening of the next semester ten more pupils signed up with me for the coming term, all of them from other voice studios in the building. This would have been embarrassing to me had it not been the way they played the game with their set up.

As a grand finale to this boastful account I must add that for the end of that years work I hired Chickering Hall, a very classy little music hall in the down town district of L. A and put on a dozen pupils in recital; to a very good house and good paper notices, this act so enraging my friend Wagner, upon his return, that he scarcely spoke to me again - the fact that I had so departed from established procedures.

But to get back to the family again to cover various topics and events.

Around Thanksgiving time Mary's mother arrived, as planned, to spend the winter with us. She was around seventy then, very active, and found California's winters a welcome change from Minnesota and Michigan, as indeed we all did when we had time to think about it.

On week ends we tried to get out to the ocean, a straight drive down Wilkshire Avenue to Santa Monica, then up or down the coast, with stop offs at interesting coves or beaches. I recall that for the record the youngsters all went in swimming in the ocean on New Years day. One trip took us north to Santa Barbara fifty miles up and another South to San Diego and a bit further to Mexico at Tijuanna, a more notorious than famous resort.

On December sixth we received an early morning telegram telling us that the main building on the campus at Mt. Pleasant, burned to the ground that night, but that our houses across the street were safe tho they had had to keep some men students on the roof of each to combat the falling of sizeable burning sticks and embers. As this building housed the music department all of the music books, orchestral instruments and pianos were lost

Sometime in the mid year, Harold gave us a few days of great anxiety with a complete adominable stopage, calling for an immediate 'exploratory operation at the hospital, the very name of which heightened our cause for worry. The operation proved that the trouble was 'adhesions', the result from another recent operation he had had for appendicitis. with the trouble removed, he made a quick recovery and never had any adverse reactions from this operation.

Later on that Spring, Hime and Theresa and Alton drove down from Oregon and the meeting was a real event for all of us as we had not seen each other for seventeen years . It was a real shock to me to see Hime almost completely bald- difficult at first for me to make him look even

familiar

We had a grand get-to-gether with all of the local relatives - picnics out at the beach and up in the mountains above Frank and Anna's

When Hime left to go back the five hundred miles to Oregon, we did not know that they would be back to Iowa within a year or two. Recalling the various picnics and side trips reminds me, and the photos show it, that Father was there too. He must have come down after quite a long stay with Hime, some little time before this gathering and "there by hangs a tale".

Somewhere back in the interim of two or three years, Aunt Jenny had died and, with the tacit or more likely legally documented agreement between them -share and share alike, the survivor take all, - father had something over \$5,000.00 in hard cash in the bank back in Syracuse and, as Hime indicated to me, it was burning his pockets. Hime had also said that he thought father was definitely senile and unfit to handle money. But as he was always secretive about his doings, I thought nothing of his long walks about town and getting back for dinner any time in the afternoon. But when strangers began driving up to the house to "take him for a ride", I began to be suspicious that this might be literally true. By a long process of 'pumping' him about these rides I found that these men were showing him some "choice real estate holdings". My real awakening to the fact that father was absolutely senile came when I persuaded him to let me see some of his bills of sale given him by these, some of Los Angeles' notorious 'land sharks! All he had was a sheet of paper with penciled words "Received of J. Powers \$500.00 signed Joe Smith, no mention of what it was for nor any address. In one case I found that he had just paid some 'crook' \$1500. 00 after banking hours on a certain bank's counter check. I got up early next morning to get to this bank before the doors were opened to stop payment while I would try to get 'power of attorney' but by the time I

reached a paying tellers window this man had cashed his check and left post haste. Father however, was so sure that his investments would bring him a fortune that I had a hard time to get him on a bus - his choice instead of a train - to get him safely out of the "land of opportunity" - ahead of our departure, headed for Mary' for the time being.

As President Warriner was anxious that I get back to Central for the opening of the summer school, we began planning on the earliest date we could manage to get away after my Commencement exercises - I wanted my diploma and degree right in my hand before leaving) As it worked out we could leave three days earlier if we we did not wait for Dudley's graduation exercises, which it seemed a heartless thing to do after his fine record there. But he argued that three days would get us half way home and that he had no strong "Dear Old Alma Mater" feeling after only nine months in school here and that they would send his diploma to him or possibly give it to him when he saw them about the matter, which latter they did.

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Dorotha Had returned from New York in early May and, with a very good repertoire worked up during the season with Auer, it seemed to be an appropriate time to have her give a local recital - a motivation for her to keep in form- so I arranged for a recital in Chickering Hall, the one I used for pupils earlier, with her mother at the piano. This kept them pretty busy getting adjusted to the "duo form" of work again but the program, with some very good pre announcements in the paper, went off fine with a a very appreciative audience and good reviews in the papers.

With our year's work and the final schedules all out of the way, we gave our complete attention to details of our departure and, with good byes to our California friends and relatives attended to, and Mary's mother well on her way to spend the summer with the Dudley Brainards in Minnesota, we made an early get-away and, with our faces once turned toward Michigan, our thoughts likewise transferred to the year ahead there, with California a very pleasant memory.

For variety in the scenic spots en route back, we took a more northerly course and, for a lucky start, found the Mohave desert that day mostly cloudy and wholly comfortable. We reached Las Vegas, Nevada the first night and an air cooled motel sounded so good that we took one instead of our tent and with no packing or unpacking, were able to get an early start to see Boulder Dam(now Hoover) for an unhurried visit and yet with ample ^{time} for us to reach Zion National Park that late afternoon where we set up tent in the most scenic spot we had found on our way out and back to date. A little geographical quirk gave us a conversational bit - we crossed the state of Arizona in a very few minutes with a ten mile stretch cutting off the north west corner of the state. Zion National itself is one of the most strikingly Beautiful spots that we saw anywhere. At the ground level on which we entered

the 'gap' is a small stream with even, grassy banks ~~*****~~ while all around cliffs of varied red stone rise, as straight up as tall buildings for several thousand feet, making anyone gazing up toward the top feel very small and inconsequential. We set up our tent a little ways out from the towering cliffs near a 'normal sized' tree and on the banks of this small ^{stream} ~~****~~ to lessen somewhat our 'dwarfed feeling.

Most of our ride next day thru Utah was as colorful but not so overwhelming in majestic heights and the area approaching Salt Lake City was quite a let down with the great Salt Lake flats. However, at this time the Lake itself was still at its normal past while now its diminishing water depth has moved its shore line so far out that it is no longer interesting to tourists. Then you could wade right into the water from the near by dock and it offered an exciting experience to the uninitiated. You just waded out to knee depth or waist depth sat down in the water which held you up with head and shoulders and knees out of the water. If you wanted to move about you just paddled with your hand and it was not easy to get your feet down to the bottom when you wanted to walk out. We had quite a hilarious time there for an hour or two.

Our road on East lay thru southern Wyoming, then down into Nebraska to follow the North Platte River to Omaha and from there on an uneventful not too interesting ride to Mt. Pleasant, - a quick way of disposing of several dull days. At home, our house which had been rented to Ted Benford, the new piano man of the faculty, was cleaned and vacated for our arrival. I think our reactions to getting back home after a year's absence was that of most folks- just a hurried running about the place to refresh our memories as to even inconsequential items that had slipped our minds, like a small child finding an old doll that had been forgotten - and finally to drop down in an old chair with a feeling of satisfaction of "staying put" for a while .

The view from our front door was not really inspiring with all of the debris usually attendant to the initial stages of a rising new structure. With the walls just appearing above the surface of piles of dirt, it was to take two years before we could actually be able to move in, but each juncture in the process roused our anticipation of the day. In the meantime we were finding the several temporary buildings which came to be referred to as the "sheep sheds" quite adequate for classroom use, tho not things of ~~beauty~~ beauty, but the fire had taken everything like pianos, phonographs and books which had to be replaced and put into immediate use.

At home, with the family all together and not in school for the summer, they all plunged into self imposed working schedules in string quartet repertoire, which subject needs bringing up to date a bit. For several years back while Dorothea had been studying with Roder ick White of Grand Rapids and with Lacy Coe summersm she had passed on to Harold the results of her work and he had developed into a very smooth young fiddler by this summer when he was twelve. His was one of those rare cases where a beginning young violinist seems to evade that painful period of playing off pitch and with a scatchy tone. One occasion typifies the nature and kind of music that he played from the first, When he was eight and in the third grade, his teacher, Mame Smith, who had heard him play somewhere asked him to play for his grade and the first and secong grades as guests, for this two of his pet numbers were Drdla's "Souvenir" and "The Scarf Dance" by Chaminade, both writte for and played by adults. By this time Dorothea, Dudley and Harold had been playing Trios, with their mother at the piano, in such places as the Owosso high school, Saginaw Intermediate school and other near by towns. In thie yearly ensemble playing they had a big advantage over most groups in being one family with

~~their mother~~

their mother available as pianist for both ensemble and individual solo work, and most of all, available for "on call" duty for short passages just worked out in rehearsal . This situation continued to be a factor when they evolved into a string quartet by adding viola to their instrumentation, thereby opening up a vast field in musical composition, of ranking importance in all music literature.

At this juncture we shall again step aside from the even flow of unhurried practice, to consider a new departure that comes into the picture. I had obtained quite complete information on the much publicised Juilliard Foundation in Music just established in New York/ a movement backed by a thirteen million dollar grant for scholarships in all branches of musical performance, to be awarded thru auditions to talented students, and, as Dudley was two years ahead for entering college, it seemed like a good time and way to use those years for study if he could make the grade in the auditions.

I wrote in for particulars as to place and date for the audition and received immediate reply with registration sheets . It was set for late summer and Dudley and I drove thru in time to find our way around and a place for him to 'warm up' on his instrument prior to audition. No one, of course, was allowed to sit in on the hearings and no comments were given until the formal decisions were announced by the judges. But somehow that afternoon after the cellos had been heard, there was visiting in the lobby about

the cello tryouts and ^{one} ~~what~~ with whom I was chatting who seemed to know his way around commented that probably the cellist who won would doubtless become a pupil of Wilikie, a German. Now the German school of cello playing used a ponderous style or technic better adapted to the bass viol than the cello and I had been particularly for Dudley, if he won out, to study with Felix Salmond, a very well and favorably known cellist with the facile ~~technic~~ of the Italian school.

As Dudley and I were leaving for home on the next day, I was very anxious to meet and talk with Salmond. Thru someone around the Juilliard headquarters I was able to get the unlisted telephone number of Salmond and was ~~lucky~~ to get in touch with him at once. To my great relief he was very pleasant over the phone and said he would be glad to talk with me. It was only a ten minute walk and he met at the door of his apartment himself. "So", he said, "You are Dudley Powers' father?" This I admitted and then went on to say that if Dudley should win the scholarship, I was most hopeful that he might study with him rather than any other cellist. He came back with a quick answer that relieved my concern. "Oh, but Mr, Powers" he said, "I am sure that Dudley has won a scholarship." and he went on with almost a sheepish grin, "You see, I sneaked into the auditions and, as no one told me I had to get out, I heard Dudley play. Dudley does not play the cello very well right now but" and he leaned over toward me to emphasize his words, "the boy is a genius" and I have arranged for him to study with me."

With this advance assurance of the desired ~~outcome~~ we were able to wire the good news back home to the folks waiting to hear. The next morning, after getting the official announcement from the head office at Juilliard, Dudley and I left for home in a jubilant frame of mind. Further details revealed that all instruction fees were paid by this wealthy Foundation, a weekly lesson with Salmond, who

received from the Foundation, forty dollars per lesson. Many class room lessons were also offered and required of all students there, subjects like Theory, Harmony, History, Composition, Orchestration and conducting, plus a certain minimum of piano study. We might as well complete the total picture and say that Dudley received the same scholarship for each of four successive years.

One more aspect of the coming year for the two of them involved the question of living quarters. For her second year with Auer, Dorothea, who was no longer to be with the Coes, had made arrangements with a girl friend, another violin student from the mid west. She was bringing her mother thru for the next year to be in an apartment with her and there was an available room with them if Dorothea wanted, which she did. With Dudley's entering the picture, Dorothea got in touch with the two and somehow arranged for her to get a one room larger apartment and have Dudley there also. This apartment, finally taken was up on Morningside Drive near Columbia University, an area more like a medium sized city than in down town 42nd Street. This arrangement proved very satisfactory except perhaps for the fact that the three ambitious students needing many hours of individual practice per day, confined the three each pretty close to his room, but the compensating aspect was a feeling of family life with relaxation and visiting at least around mealtimes and odd moments of needed rest.

There are so many angles and facets to the evolving of the family group into a string quartet that any attempt at accuracy as to dates and beginnings would be futile. Sometime back, when the Trio were giving programs, the three were jokingly prodding Art, urging him to hurry up and get big enough to hold a viola, which instrument calls for a considerably longer arm reach to hold and play than the violin. So that summer that has just been under discussion, with Dorothea's help, we tried out a number of violas, sent us from Chicago for testing as to tone quality, ease of playing and looks, we picked a very good instrument and Art was on his arduous task of learning to play it. It was a terrific handicap that he started out with. The others having had several years of playing, but the challenge of a new and distinctly different instrument from the others, was a dare to Art that he could not turn down. Anyway, that summer with Dorothea giving him the basic fingerings and bowings, and with his mother at the piano to back up his melodic phrases with a harmonic background, Art was playing with a full tone and free bowing style, simple melodies and melodic excerpts from the viola parts of the Quartet literature. On occasions the four would pick out phrases from the Dvorak String quartet or the Tchaikowsky Andante Cantabile to break in the new violist to the "feel" of quartet playing. With this 'motivated' start and with Harold and Art the only ones of the group at home the following mid year to call upon their mother for help at the piano with numbers they were working on, they took a leisurely pace in practicing their part in quartet numbers. With this long explanation as to how the quartet got its start, I shall leave the matter of its development into a fine playing organization to be demonstrated in its several summers of concertizing thru a dozen states of the mid west.

The String Quartet Days

1926 - 1930

This span of four years covered both the period that Dorothy and Dudley were studying in New York and the Quartet's brief but active years from its inception to its culmination. A New York's year of study usually meant but a little more than seven months, dictated more or less by the opening and closing of the symphony and opera seasons. This left the two in New York free to be home from mid May to October, giving them a full two months for preparing, even to memorizing, their programs for the summer months.

The Summer Sessions Idea

The summer sessions for Normal Schools, now mostly advanced in scope to State Teachers Colleges, was a field in which I was very familiar. The movement was a relatively new development, having started more as a refresher course for teachers, and had evolved into a full fledged term of work, covering nearly the normal range of courses offered during the year. But little attention had yet been given to campus life activities for the summer, comparable to the mid year sessions, and summer school directors were just waking up to the idea that something must be done in the way of entertainment for the fast growing enrollments for the summers.

Thus the scene was all set for me to step into the picture with an offering that was in many ways unique as to interest appeal and for a fee adaptable to the summer budgets. I got out some attractive literature on the quartet, with photos of them in action, with sample programs, including solo numbers. The two contacts with New York and the two distinguished teachers lent a real prestige to the total effectiveness. This, with a carefully phrased letter on my part, introducing a rather new type of offering in the concert field, and

coming as it did from the head of a music department in a well known sister school, rather than from a purely commercial management, it got immediate attention from directors of summer schools - practically 100% response - all interested and many asking for possible dates for their schools. I had named \$150.00 as a standard price for a concert and a reduction to \$100.00 where two schools in close proximity could use an afternoon and an evening concert respectively - typical cases that used this plan were Superior Wisconsin and Duluth, Minnesota, only ten miles apart and Winona, Minnesota and La Crosse Wisconsin, fifty miles apart. It took quite a bit of adjusting on my part to get such schedules settled but we came out with closely fitted routings with few if any completely 'open' days except of course, Saturday and Sunday. To give some idea of the geographical scope of our itinerary I will list some of our stand by 'repeaters' Illinois, DeKalb, Naperville; Wisconsin, Milwaukee, La Crosse, Superior, Eau Claire, River Falls, Stevens Point, Whitewater, Platteville, Minnesota, St. Cloud, Moorhead, Winona, Mankato, Duluth, Bemidji; North Dakota, Valley City, Minot, Mayville, Dickinson. This is enough to show our tight schedule.

To keep the interest running high, with frequently two concerts a day, I paid each member of the quartet (the last two years) 10% of the gross per concert. In our banner year we grossed just over \$2,000.00.

In closing this rather factual account of the quartet's four years of summer concertizing, I should mention one feature, unique in the field of ensemble playing, and which greatly enhanced their audience appeal - they played their entire programs from memory, thus removing the barrier between them and the audience - racks and music no longer sharing a place of prominence on the stage and seemingly the chief attention of the players.

But, as in the case of all of the many loosely related episodes which constitute the 'whole' in this lengthening work, it seems time to move on to the next chapter.

Mid spring of 1930 brought to a head the necessity of making certain decisions in regard to the two in New York, who were each completing four years of study there - Dudley's fourth year under a scholarship at Juilliard Foundation would be coming to a close in May and Dorothea's fourth year with Auer came to a close several weeks earlier than planned when it was announced that Auer, due to failing health, he was then in his eighties, would retire from all teaching the first of May.

The first move was of course was to drive thru to New York to bring Dorothea home and with her, her friend Hannah Spencer, another violinist who was also working with Auer thru Dorothea's contacts with Lacy Coe. Her home was in Alma and she later that year came to teach violin in my department at Central.

To test out the situation in the field of concert work in cellist whileright there in New York, I arranged for an audition for Dudley with the Judson Management - the same Judson that some twenty year later became Dorothea's manager. He personally heard Dudley play ~~and new his background~~ and, while quite laudatory as to Dudley's playing, was not encouraging about the outlook for a concert cellist and strongly advised his getting into one of the symphonies as a steady 'job' with occasional concert appearances as a second field of work. While this seemed at first rather discouraging, it was honest and to the point and I am sure that Dudley today, after long experience in both fields, would say that it was sage advice,

I had paid up Dudley's board and room for the short balance of the year and the two girls and Mary were pretty well set for the car trip back home, when Dudley came to a quick decision that the thing for him to do was to go back with us now and thus avoid another separate trip for him in a matter of weeks, with which we all agreed. Once we had taken time to think things thru.

With a quick packing-up process on his part and a perfect willingness on the part of the rooming house to return the advance payments I had just made, we were all packed in the car and on the road by mid afternoon, all quite happy to be headed toward home on a nice Spring day.

I would pass over any details of the trip home with just the usual "arrived safely" comment, had it not been for one complex situation that arose, puzzling at the time but later just an amusing incident.

Our time schedule got us in to Niagara Falls around noon the next day. At the customs I listed, among other regular luggage, all of the instruments which totaled three violins and a cello (Hannah had two) ^{violins} and gave the cost price, as called for, totaling some \$3,000.00. The immediate reaction by the customs was a firm "nothing doing". We could not drive thru Canada with all of that 'saleable' group of instruments. We could drive around the south side of Lake Erie - a hundred and fifty miles further or, as a bright afterthought, one of our group could go by train taking all of the instruments, sealed and bonded at entrance and released at the exit from Canada. This latter seemed much the simpler plan and by popular acclaim, Mary was appointed the apparently talented musician traveling with a double seat full of instruments. We arrived at Port Huron in time to help her off the side tracked car and we were off on the home stretch of our journey. As a side note - this would not have happened today with the customs scarcely giving the tourists a glance.

Once home, with Spring and summer before us, the big question seemed to be "Where do we go from here?" and it was agreed that some definite follow-up of the New York experience should come now rather than in the Fall and our attention turned to Chicago as a locale.

While Chicago had been musically famous chiefly thru its great Orchestra, with its founder, Theodore Thomas and his successor, Frederick Stock, the only conductors to date, The founding of NBC and CBS in the early twenties, with their resultant far flung empires reaching out to embrace all forms of musical performance Chicago saw itself becoming the all around music center of everything west of the Alleghenies and reacted dynamically. The Chicago Opera Company ceased to rely on the New York 'Mgt' for its stellar roles and introduced new and unknown singers from other countries for their American debut, as in the case of Galli-Curci. Simultaneously there emerged a number of responsible music managements, acting as agents for aspiring as well as established music artists in all fields of musical performance. Within this latter group were several managers who rather specialized in arranging for debut recitals in some of the several Recital Halls. taking care of all of the details, taking of advance advertising, securing the hall and help in securing accompanists where needed and last but not least, seeing that there were some regular 'music critics' presenting the various papers present at the recitals.

I wrote to one such management to make an appointment for an interview regarding two contemplated recitals and after a date for such a meeting was scheduled, Dorothy and Dudley drove with me to meet and talk with the Dona Hrushberger management. After a very pleasant and clarifying discussion of the situation, covering the many facets and aspects of the whole proposition, we signed up for the two

recitals, Dorothea's to be in Kimball Hall and Dudley's in Curtis Hall, to be presented at least two weeks apart in mid and late May.

An apparent incongruity in dates shows that I dated the departure from New York at least a month late in the season - should have been early April.

As to the two recitals themselves I am going to hold to a brief chronicalling of events. After two or three intervening weeks of intensive preparation on program materials on the part of the two involved, the whole family drove down to Chicago for the first recital - I am not sure which came first- and we stayed at a hotel right in the loop either easy walking distance from either hall and easy access to good eating places.

Keeping in mind that these recitals were several weeks apart, I shall treat them as a one trip affair (to save road mileage) Both concerts had a good crowd out - never packed houses for such events- a blend of personal and family friends and acquaintances living in the Chicago area, then a group of violin and or cellists students from the several schools of music, to whom the name Auer and the Juilliard had special appeal, plus always a few to sample free recitals. Both programs ran smoothly with no lapses of memory, the nemesis of all performing artists. Both accompanists were very good, and most of all the the next days papers had some very satisfying write-ups -altogether a most rewarding project.

It so happened that Dudley's accompanist was a man whom we had had on our music and lecture course at Mt. Pleasant several times - Robert McDonald, who was also the head of the Columbia School of Music and he was so pleased with Dudley's playing that he asked him right after the recital if he would like to take over the cello work in his School, which of course Dudley was happy to do, it giving him a foothold in the Music world of a big city.

One more arrangement was attended to before we left for home after the second recital - an agreement with a well known artist management, Harry Culbertson, to take on the two for concert dates for the coming season. I had come to know him quite well as an active 'go getter' in his fields, thru our College's 'Artists Course' and we had used many of his artists over the last ten years.

So with Dudley's 'Toe hold' on a musical start at the Columbia School and with a reasonably hopeful forward look as to the possibilities of occasional playing dates for both, we decided that the two should take an apartment in a 'yet to be' selected area, for the coming year.

With all of this settled in our minds, we headed back for Mt. Pleasant and some final rehearsals on the program numbers of the Quartet in what was to be their last summer of concerts, now that Dudley and Dorothea were to be involved in other activities.

For the sake of continuity, I will pass on to the Fall session in Chicago. With very few drawn up plans of action, Dorothea and Dudley and I made a trip down primarily to find a suitable place to live - ~~some task with none of us~~ knowing the city at all outside the loop. Here again some kind fairy must have helped steer us around, for, before night we had found something that seemed to be in the ~~right part of town~~ on the North side - by name St. James' Place a few blocks in from the outer drive, which proved to be most acceptable as to location, status and price. While Dorothea began to have enough playing dates to keep, her interested, Dudley seemed to have a whole chain of interlocking opportunities fall his way in a field practically dominated by men.

First, George Dasch, Founder and Director of the "Chicago Little Symphony", a highly selective group of players, sixteen in number, was in immediate need of a cellist. How the contact

was made I do not know, but Mr. Dasch heard Dudley play and put him in his 'Chicago Little Symphony' as one of his two cellists. It was a fortunate contact for Dudley, as George Dasch's musical activities and contacts were of a wide range. It was only a matter of weeks before he, then conductor of the Northwestern University Orchestra, went to see the head of the School of Music there and urged him to act at once to get this new and promising cellist to take over the cello work at the University. His recommendation must have carried weight for it drove quick action and Dudley was offered to post that he still holds as I write this. Thus within his first year at Chicago, Dudley at nineteen found himself in a distinctive teaching post at a widely known University and a member of a favorably known playing group. a little later I will mention another contribution that George Dasch made to Dudley's life as a whole. But to continue on this general topic rather than wait for its chronological development - this concerning Dudley's joining the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. After two years of teaching and playing, he decided to 'beard the Lion in his den' and made an appointment for an audition with Frederick Stock, with the view of his entering the Symphony. From general "hearsay" on my part, it would seem that after the hearing and an informal chat about Dudley's experience and background, Stock reportedly asked in effect, "How come that you have been two years in Chicago without seeing me?" I do not know how Dudley got around explaining this 'faux pas' on his part, but he became then and there a member of the orchestra that was to demand his main attention for the next twenty years. I do recall that this being the newest member among the ten cellists, he took his allotted tenth chair back, but before the year was over, by some "hop leap and jump" system of promotion he was in the second chair where he remained until he became principal cellist some ten years later.

But let's hurry back to Mt. Pleasant before the worried reader begins to wonder if I had resigned or it was just a case of gross neglect of duty on my part. The fact is that I had never been busier than during this period from 1926 and into the early thirties when we began to really feel the effects of the great depression.

One of our big school events came in May of '28 when we, the faculty and students, plus considerable janitorial aid, held our long awaited 'moving day' from the "sheep sheds" into the new Administration building, now Warriner Hall. The Music Department had been allotted the three top floors of the Tower, with five practice rooms on the top floor, the main class room, 'Old 400,' on the fourth and what became my office and studio on the third. Piano moving day had preceded the wholesale moving, to give complete right of way for the movers to get seven pianos up to the top via stairways not too wide and many sharp corners. I somehow wheedled from the authorities a rug, davenport with matching chairs, draped, bookcases, a full length mirror and a grand piano plus the usual desk.

As head of the department I carried the regular load of fifteen hours of classroom teaching per week plus the many extra details of departmental agenda, writing up all courses of study for the curriculum and allotting them to the various members of the staff. In the field of 'applied music' - performance groups - I always handled the A Cappella Choir, which because of class conflicts as to hours, had to be scheduled for Monday nights. On top of this, which was a full load for most teachers, I carried a heavy load of private voice work with a maximum, self imposed, of twenty five lessons, per week and always a 'waiting list' in the background. This was before voice study was compulsory for all music majors, as it is now.

Our new auditorium was a joy to work in, with its large, roomy stage and its very adequate stage settings, and I was all set for its initiation for a major presentation. The selected cast and chorus for such an 'opener' was all ready for the dress rehearsal for Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" and we had a full house (1600) for each of the two night productions.

Central now was running on an even keel, with a better than average growth but with no signs as yet of "growth explosions" that bewilder officials today. Salaries were working slowly upward - mine had reached \$4,000.00 plus the voice teaching which at that time was paid directly to me, 100 % take home pay, approximately \$1,000.00.

While 1929 saw the country suddenly plunged into the 'great depression' with banks closing and big business going into bankruptcy the country over, we here in Mt. Pleasant felt little of its effects until 1933, when the legislature cut our budget to just half of what it had been. The entire budget was turned over to salaries to aim at a living wage for all. Mine was cut from \$4,000.00 to \$2500.00. I was in a little better position with the rental from one house (which I had to cut a little) and a few voice people who could continue their work. A common criticism among voice teachers was to casually refer to "my pupil" Some way we all survived and got back to a decent salary the next year and to the normal 'status quo' the following year. In 1933 the Chicago Worlds Fair opened for its first season and we at home went down to it, partly however to see the two family members, Dudley incidentally was making his "debut" with the Chicago Symphony, which plays several evenings a week at the Fair.

The one feature at the fair which attracted my attention and live interest was a model house that Sears Roebuck had erected on the
ands and we were all greatly impressed with its possibilities for us as a home.

We mulled this over during the summer and in the fall I went down to the Sears office headquarters in Chicago to get all of the details on it and brought back a complete set of plans. Our interest in the whole scheme increased when Mary's mother offered to buy the hundred foot lot next to ours on the south, the finest setting of any spot in the area. This new sense of possession set us all to clearing up the place and envisioning just the right spot for the potential house and by the time Spring had come with its urgent call to our door life we had pretty well settled on building, at which juncture, Mary's mother, apparently engrossed with the new idea, again came to the rescue and again offered to give Mary practically half of the total estimated cost of the house, rather than, as she said, leave it to her in a will. With this assurance of financial solvency, the plans with many additions and alterations were ready for action and I engaged two carpenters whom I had known personally for a long time, one as the man in charge but both working by the hour without a special contractor, an arrangement that might have been hazzardous had I not known the men so well. The lumber and materials down to the last nail, all came from Sears, ready cut and adjusted to our alterations. To make a long story short, with an October first start, the house was ready to move into by mid January 1934 and with its beautiful woods setting plus some effective landscaping, made quite a show place for the town. It was a "stagger house" style with four levels and with a breezeway and a twenty foot doublegarage on one end, balanced with a sunroom on the other end, it stood eighty feet in length on a hundred foot lot. Again I quote a few figures as to cost just by means of comparisons with today's cost of building. This was of course during the last months of the depression. The head carpenter got eighty cents an hour and the other sixty cents, and both worked happily and industriously to get it. The total costs of materials

and building was \$7,000.00 After living in this house for fourteen years, we sold it to the state for \$22,000.00 just as I was about to retire

While Dorotha and Dudley had left home except for occasional visits, and Harold graduated a year and a half after we moved in, Arthur and Lucile were still with us for several years and Mary's mother until her death in 1944. Altogether, probably because of its recency, most of the family still think of this house as the center of most of the family life in Mt. Pleasant, altho we lived in the red shingled bungalow and this one each for fourteen years.

The college now was enjoying good growth and a very good reputation scholastically throughout the state and country in general under President Warriner's twenty years of service at its head. However in 1939 he reached his retirement age and Dr. Charles L. Anspach took over the presidency in what proved to be another epoch in the school's development under his twenty years of dynamic leadership.

THE FAMILY WEDDINGS

This seems to be the best time and the only feasible approach to cover these very important events, - to chronicle the occasions in the order of their occurrence, with no attempt at getting the various couples launched into more than a beginning of their chosen field of work.

A good many pages back I mentioned that George Dasch had still another contribution to make to Dudley's progress, this one not basically musical. On one of our visits to Chicago while Dorotha and Dudley were living at the St. James Place (or was it Division?) Dorotha intimated to us, on the side, that things seemed to be getting quite serious with Dudley and Dorothy Dasch whom he had met at the Dasch home during a series of quartet rehearsals and, sure enough, as if to

verify this prognostication, a little later in the evening, Dudley dropped in with a vivacious young lady whom he wanted us to meet. While nothing but a "get acquainted" conversation ensued, it left us with a confident feeling that here was just the right kind of a personality for Dudley. Once the big decision was made on their part things moved fast and a mid May date was made for the wedding. In the interim we had several chances to meet with Dorothy's family, her father, mother and sister Elizabeth - ~~ELIZ~~ by nickname, a group with whom we were to enjoy many mutually happy associations later on.

The wedding itself was at a very pretty Chapel on Chicago's South Side, followed by an elaborate dinner with a private set-up for such occasions in that immediate vicinity. All of the immediate members of both families plus a few very special friends or relatives to make around twenty in all at both functions.

When all of the ceremonies were over and the good by's all said, the bride and groom in their car ready to start and we of Mt. Pleasant leaving for home directly ~~for home~~ from there, the two cars followed along together until they struck route 41 south, where they turned, headed for the Great Smokey Mountains and we, waving them good by again, headed for home to Michigan.

Wedding number Two came as no surprise to any one as Harold and Eva Mae Garber had been 'going together' all thru high school and college and with college graduation over for both of them and with Harold signed up for a teaching position at Centerville, this wedding was obviously the next ceremonial event on the calendar and July fifth was the selected date. It was set for Eva Mae's home about two miles south from town and the Reverend Hawkins of the Presbyterian Church officiated. Eva Mae's sister, Lucille, was

bridesmaid, and Arthur was Harold's 'best man' The ceremony itself was inside the house but the dinner and the generally 'gala' events were out on the lawn. Harold had owned a Plymouth coupe for some time and they were taking a trip as far east as Maine, with various focal points of interest as leisurely stop overs. Without rushing the events of the day, they were able to get a mid afternoon start Both of these weddings were in 1935. Apparently I can never commit myself to a declared topic- weddings this time - without having to digress in favor of some happenings of the moment, as the TV announcers would say, "We will interrupt this program for a late bulletin just in" .

On this May 23, 1965 weekend, Dorothy and Dudley with Nita and Art were up for what has become an annual Spring visit to the families here, for this occasion the only time they could get away before leaving for the summer to Greeley, Colorado, where Dudley is to teach at the University there. Harold and Eva Mae were able to get down as was Mary Miller from Alma. Dorothy and Perc were not able to get here. There was however, no group awareness of nor pre planned program for a quite significant factor connected with this general date. It was the thirtieth anniversary for Dudley and Dorothy and Harold and Eva Mae, and Art and Maurine's twenty fifth. Harold, at this meeting came up with some big news as a real surprise to all, when he announced that they had sold their big house up at Gladwin and bought a new one in Midland. They had bought this big place back in 1952 along with two farms on opposite sides of the road. and during all of the time Harold had commuted the seventy miles per day to work at Dow Chemicals. at Midland. Their new place, actually just completed by the owner, is a tri level (stagger construction) is ideally located as to proximity to work and to schools for the pre high school students,

The third and last item of interest is along the same line as the last.

Bob and Lucile have had a house deal pending for all of a year and had about given up hope for acceptable terms, financially, to them. Their place across the street from us finally sold, with a little compromise on both sides, and they have bought this house out at Whitehills, which seemed perfect for their family needs and, as I write they are in the midst of a gradual moving program. I am not sure but that the real upheaval will be felt most by us with the immediate neighborhood picture completely changed.

With this "off the main theme interruption" completed, I will get back to the topic of weddings.

Shortly after Dorothea began getting playing engagements under the Culbertson Management, it became clear that she needed a better violin, particularly after a series of bookings with "Salvi, the Hapist" - one at the Morning Musicals at the Biltmore, New York. We started looking about casually at 'fiddles' and one place was at Wurlitzers, where we met a young man who was head of the store - Arthur Percival by name but "Perc" to all who knew him well, and, thru quite a period of trying out various violins, he and Dorothea became quite well acquainted and mutually congenial. But not until Christmas when Dorothea was home for the holidays and a long distance (and long duration) phone call came to her saying that he, "perc" was in the Hospital with two broken legs from a fall down an iron stairway, did we realize that the 'mutual' interest was more than casual. After several months of confinement before he could get back to business, he found that his job had been taken over by a nephew of the Wurlitzers and he was without a job. After trying out various fields in salesmanship, Perc, Brooklyn born decided that the right kind of opportunities were more attainable in New York than Chicago,

they

decided to get married there and move to New York. This they did, with just a few mutual friends at the ceremony, and phoned us that they would be up for a short visit with us on their way to New York.

Acting on such short notice, we managed to work up quite a reception and a special dinner with guests among Dorothea's and our friends, which proved to be quite a gala affair. They left in a couple of their earthly belongings in the trunk and back seat of a new Hudson car. As in the case of the other weddings I shall leave them temporarily at this point.

Art was a Junior at Central when an auburn haired freshman girl from Bad Axe signed up as a music major by the name of Maurine Todd. Around the mid Fall term, I recall, there was a group of music students around the open door of my studio, visiting and chatting, when Art appeared and, on the side, asked me if Maurine Todd had been there lately. It was decidedly out of character for Art to be inquiring about any girl or I would not have noticed it, I am sure. I saw him a little later in the hall with her.

That Fall, before the snow came, a report came in late on a Friday afternoon that there had been a car accident on the road to Bay City involving some Central students returning home for the weekend including Maurine Todd, who, I believe, was thrown from the rumble seat. Art heard of the accident first and told me about it. He talked about driving to the scene but another report said that only one person was hurt and it was not Maurine. I report these incidents to show which way the wind was blowing in Art's direction. If my memory as to time is not off, Maurine was wearing his ring just before he graduated from Central in 1938. During the summer Art decided that, for the field of work he wanted to get into, he needed a strong course in Business Administration, and he left for Michigan University for a

Years work in

the School of Business Administration, the wisest move he could have made made.

That coming Spring we, Lela, her mother and I planned for a visit to Washington, D. C. during the two weeks spring vacation and Art came up with the idea that if he could get a slight extension to his vacation, he and Maurine could join us, which arrangement he was able to make and, with Maurine with us, we picked Art up at the nearest point of contact, Flint I believe, and the five of us had a most enjoyable time at the Nations capital city, the first for all of us. Compared with its Bedlam today, Washington then was a nice quiet city. We got very good hotel accommodations within a block or two from the Capitol Building without any advance reservations- a kind of suite with living room and two bedrooms at five dollars per person per day(1939). We drove freely all over the city and met no traffic congestions. We were just in time for the famed cherry blossom display and we drove out to Mt. Vernon for the best part of a day there.

At the end of his year at the U. of M. Art returned to Mt. Pleasant and the first opportunity that offered itself for an opening job was one at the Exchange Savings Bank. Altho the salary, as in most banks left something to be desired, the experience he gained was invaluable to him future business. Maurine was winding up her work for graduation at Central and if I remember rightly, their wedding invitations were out almost immediately after the graduation exercises with the date named for July 14 at Bad Axe. It was a church wedding with a number of the closest friends of both 'principals' in attendance officially or as guests plus of course the family and relatives of both. Living quarters were almost nil in Mt. Pleasant at this time and I had been rushing the work being done on an apartment I had been having built over our garage and it was completed just in time for Art and Maurine to step into - a neat job completely furnished

and equipped for modern living. They lived here for nearly a year when Art started work with the Dow Chemical Company at Midland.

Following along the line of my declared topic, weddings, the fifth and last was the first to be under our auspices and at the house.. Lucile had graduated from Central in 1941, with a major in secretarial work and had taken a place with the Dows as secretary of one of the vice presidents. Harold and Arthur had been with Dows for two years ahead of her. Thru fragmentary conversational bits of conversations on some of their week end home visits, it seemed that some young fellow connected with Dows was taking her out for rides in a big car and on one of their week ends home they brought him along. His name was Bob Kirkpatrick and he seemed to 'fit in' to the group like a long time friend. So, after week end meetings thru the winter and Spring, we were not too surprised to get a post card from Lucile with a post scrip at the end saying, "By the way, Bob and I have agreed on a date for mid June." - casual certainly but informative enough to start numerous activity programs at the house.

The wedding itself on June 26, 1943, was at high noon with the Rev. Roy Hamilton of Alma College faculty and a frequent member of our summer faculty, officiating. We still had the Baldwin Organ at the house which was used for the March and incidental music, and Arlene Kruse, a graduating music student with a beautiful voice sang two appropriate songs. Most of the family and relatives of the two principals were present and we met Bob's family for the first time.

With the buffet luncheon following the ceremonies, the formalities of the day were pretty well over before the heat of the day that proved to be the hottest of the season bore down on us so that we all could relax and try to keep cool as the bride and groom

left by car for Crystal Lake. Thus with the five weddings at least factually covered and with the five "in laws" briefly introduced, I shall leave the eventful years to come in each of these families for some heroic volunteer of each group to record in full detail.

With the war coming to an abrupt close in the Japanese sector after Hiroshima in 1945 and the ensuing gradual crumbling of the Hitler debacle in Europe a little later, a natural national exuberance swept the country. This was reflected in the educational field by a rush of students back to school and the resultant rapid expansion of curriculum offerings in the schools.

At Central, my department felt this growth of the school with larger classes and added courses. I began to feel the pressure, with no apparent way of lessening the amount of work, and by 1947 I began to look into the retirement proposition, with some definite idea as to its feasibility for me in the near future. We talked over the details frequently at home and it began to look like a safe venture. I sold the two houses across the street that were rented to faculty members to the renters - each for \$7,500.00 and put it into U. S. Savings bonds temporarily. Then one day I walked into Dr. Anspach's office and told him that I had decided to retire that summer of 1948. He asked me how old I was and when I told him 66, he said, "Powers, you're smart. I'm going to do the same thing - quite before you have to." He lived up to his word and quit when he was 64. Mine was a difficult decision to make for I had been getting \$6,000.00 salary from the state for the last three years. Once the decision had been made and acted upon, the question uppermost in our minds was where to live.

By mutual agreement we settled, negatively at least, on Not living right across from my former place of work - not even to stay in Mt, Pleasant. At the close of that summer term, with no definite decision made as to "where " to live, we decided to take a trip to Stockbridge for a visit at Dorotha's while we weremaking up our minds

When the topic came up for discussion after we had arrived, Dorotha and Perc had at least an alternate proposal to offer. They were expanding their dairy and other farm projects and had a young Italian couple living in the farmer's house on the place, to do the regular work. While they, Dorotha and Perc would try to get out each week end from New York to check on things in general, there would be many spells in winter when on account of weather they could not make it, and their suggestion was that we come out there to live thru the winter and spring and over see operations.

The proposition had its points of appeal, affording us a clean break from both location and type of activity and interests, with ample time to think things thru as to a permanent location. We finally agreed to give it a try, and made the return trip to Michigan - to Mt. Pleasant to see about renting our house furnished for the season and to East Lansing to look the town over further as to a place to locate. Before we left for the trip back east again, both families had purchased homes in the near down town area. Art and Bob, as a newly formed Launderwell Corporation, had a franchise with the State College (MSU later) to furnish coin operated laundry equipment to install it and operate it and to keep pace with the College's rapid growth needs. After looking the town over with them, we assured them and ourselves, that our winter back at Stockbridge for this new venture, was a temporary one only.

We were more or less at home in the big house here as we had ~~visited~~ visited Dorothea and Perc for three preceding summers, and so once ensconced in the five bed room, five bath room house, we had a certain feeling of permanency, even when the family, with Kingsland seven and Thornton four together with Mary Weber, the house keeper "par excellence" all left for New York city. The house itself was at the end of and the goal of a hair pin curved driveway on a fairly high prominence but by no means the top of the small mountains surrounding it. On the way down there was a four car garage with leveled crushed stone areas for parking, then down a bit the furnished guest house, further down the Farmer's house and last the pair of barns, and the gateway, beyond which a half mile of semi private road ended at the main high way No. 7

There was no such thing as traffic on this private road except that of those approaching the place on business or an occasional visitor

When I say that the town of Stockbridge is unique, I mean unique in its literal sense. There may be towns in New England that strive to maintain the status quo of their remote pasts but Stockbridge is The hundred per center. The only building that got by the city fathers permissive vote with any semblance of modern appearance was a new plain brick post office on a side street. One of its oldest and largest buildings in the once famous "Red Lion Inn" where New Yorkers of the gay nineties came with bags and baggage to spend the entire summer. But it is a pretty little town and looks just as it did a hundred years ago, Store keepers are reservedly polite and areal 'native' is as garrulous as Cal Coolidge was. The setting for the big house and its nine acres of lawns is in the very heart of the Berkshires, with Catamount Mountain with its white rocky cliffs standing out in its setting of green, visible from the up stairs windows.

In no sense did I try to assume the role of the 'gentleman farmer' Rather I acted (and often) as trouble shooter for the young Italian farm hand whose background in farming was more scant than mine even and whose English was very difficult for me to interpret.

The nights in Fall and winter were unduly long as the sun went down behind those mountains about three o'clock in the afternoon and darkness followed very soon.

We were not exactly alone on the place for, living in the guest house, was a Polish writer, a war 'escapee' and his wife, to whom Perc had granted temporary asylum . He was engaged in writing a new "Life of Chopin" based on a lot of newly discovered documentary data It was his first experience in writing 'directly' in English - not writing in the native tongue and then translating it - and he would occasionally run up to the house with a newly finished chapter for me to read to see if I thought any of his English idioms were lucid and not stilted. Like most foreigners writing in English, his was quite impeccable, grammatically correct and clearly expressed. This book, when finished a little later was published by Schuster's of New York and rated high among biographies.

We had been planning from the first to take a trip to Florida, come Spring, this to be our first trip there. So in early April we set out on this long anticipated jaunt. By using a planned zigzag trail thru southern New York and New Jersey, we avoided the New York traffic and hit the New Jersey U. S. No I well south of the tunnel. In spite of this slow routing we we passed thru six states that day - Massachusetts Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Virginia, winding up the day with a boat crossing from the tip of Delaware to Norfolk, Virginia.

Next morning, from Norfolk, we headed west thru Jamestown and on to Williamsburg and enroute, we passed miles of shore line of a vast water area full of all shapes and sizes of boats. I learned later from signs along the road, that this expanse of water was (is) the famous "Hampton Roads" of Naval Operations, a strange name for so wet a highway.

We spent that day and night at Williamsburg and saw, I am sure, only a small part of what it has of interest to show. We followed the old Highway No. 11 down the coastal areas, now largely superseded by the further inland Thruways. To more than compensate for the shorter time spent and miles covered on the new roads, we did see numberless historical landmarks and famous gardens - some right in the cities of the South thru which we were forced to drive - like Charleston, Savannah and St. Augustine. Our jubilant feeling of having "arrived" when we crossed the Florida State Line, was somewhat dimmed when, after spending most of the forenoon to get to Daytona Beach and there to read the sign saying it was 280 miles to Lauderdale, next town to Hollywood, whence we were headed. Once arrived here we found a motel just half a block from Mary and Clarence's place. Being new comers, we were taken on many side trips with Clarence as chauffeur, as well as major points of interest - like the horse races.

My memory is vague as to our route back north, except that we did make a one night stop over with a classmate of Mary's who, with her son, a teacher at the University, escorted us thru this famous campus, one item of interest being the room where Edgar Allen Poe stayed as a student and here wrote several of his famous poems. Also they spent several hours with us, showing us over "Monticello", the home of Thomas Jefferson, where it and the University face each other from distant hills with the same type of architecture, both designed by Jefferson.

Once back in Stockbridge, there was another important matter to attend to - what we should do to best invest the Government Savings Bonds of about \$12,000.00 that we were holding. I had become interested, in an academic way, in a conservative investment in the stock market and finally cashed in \$10,000.00 in bonds that I had in the Stockbridge and took a cashiers check for that amount with me to New York and went to the Harris- Upham Brokerage Company, selected mostly because of their ads in the Wall Street Journal on conservative stocks for new investors. I was led to a Mr. Dixon who explained the whys and wherefores of evaluating stocks and how to interpret the moving figures on the "big board". He started me off with four standard stocks that fluctuated but little from day to day - - National Dairy, Union Carbide, National Biscuit, and Standard Oil. and he continued to give me excellent advice until some time after we moved to East Lansing, when for convenience's sake I changed over to Merrill Lynch who had a full fledged office with the "big board" right in Lansing. Here, from 1950 to 1960, thru Merrill Lynch, we bought stocks in thirty seven different companies on the board. I never made a change, in buying or selling, without first studying Standard and Poor's monthly report on the status of said companies, and this, plus some good luck, and the fact that the decade saw a generally 'rising' market, carried a novice thru an interesting venture. I have just refreshed my memory by full report on all stocks we owned - cost price, selling price, dividends and, gains or losses in selling. Briefly, thru these ten years we made \$10,000.00 in dividends, \$10,000.00 in buying and selling (round numbers in both cases) and ended up with the whole basic sum invested in tact, when I decided to let someone else worry over the day by day changes and we put the sum of \$13,000.00 into Investors Mutual, probably the largest of all

Mutuals

I decided to let some one else worry over the day by day changes and put the the sum of \$13,000.00 into Investors Mutual, probably the largest of all the mutuals.

After a year away from the home that we had known for known for thirty years and our decision definitely made in favor of Michigan as a place to live, we lost no time when we rolled around in getting back to East Lansing for a few days visiting there until our house was open for us. Both families, Art and Maurine and Lucile and Bob were strong for East Lansing as a place to live and to do business in and they drove us about town looking at all of the residential areas and became more and more interested in it.

As we had contacted the renters in our house to make sure it would be ready for us, we drove up early thinking we would look up a lot of our friends which we did. But when I began talking to some of them about plans to fix the place up some, they all looked a bit puzzled. I think it was our closest friends, the Campbells who finally said, "But, Mr. Powers, don't you know that the State is going to take your place over for the new million dollar gymnasium?" , which was news to us but proved to be true when we looked into it. In a short talk with President Anspach, about the matter, he said that he had waited to bring the question up with me until the whole project had been cleared with the State Board, which had been on the preceding day. He assured me that he was certain that the State's appraisers would be very fair in their dealings and generous in their approach and should be on the grounds in a few days. With this in mind, we left for a planned trip to St. Cloud, Minnesota for the wedding of Constance Brainard, but we did not linger long after the wedding with so many unsettled problems back home.

On return, we found the appraisers on the grounds, having been there long enough to get some idea of the local real estate values and prices. They were pleasant and came right to the point at hand and there was little or no 'dickering'. The man in charge asked me if I cared to state what I considered a fair price for the house, on the basis of what a replacement would cost. Of course we had given considerable thought to this point, and when I named the price I had in mind - \$422,000.00 he smiled and said, "Well frankly, that was the figure we had arrived at," and that was it - no arguing nor attempt to beat the price down - and that was the amount of the check that we received from the State a month or so later.

While the bull dozers came on the place to start rooting out some of the fine big trees and leveling off a wide area of lots near by, we were allowed until December 31 to completely vacate the premises, but we did have to pay rent as soon as the check from the State came.

As there was not too much to occupy our minds or our time we were back and forth, to and from East Lansing - mostly forth on our part. The two families lived just around the corner from each other and one or the other seemed always ready to chauffeur us around looking at or for vacant lots or houses for sale. Then one evening we were all out together and drove up Harrison Road and stopped to look down a long street still blocked to traffic, with curb and gutter and side walks in and the street gravelled AND with tall, beautiful elms thickly lining both sides of the street.

We noted from the sign, the name of the real estate firm in charge of the whole sub division, called Glen Cairn number four, and got in touch with him next day.

We were all equally excited over the potentials of this new lay out and went along with the agent next day to learn all of the details about the lots still unsold. I signed up there for a lot and a half - 112 foot frontage. Our renewed enthusiasm led us to get in touch with a contractor and builder for plans of houses and cost estimates. In connection with the plans we liked best, he was able to show us that house, newly finished that he had built in another sub division and, with minor changes and enlargements - a double garage for one - we signed a building contract to cover total costs and, within a few weeks they were on the site staking out footings for walls.

From this point on, our stays with one or the other of the local homes were frequent & lengthy, for the fascination in watching the progress of building became quite a compelling force. To show the increasing interest in the new venture, on one of our now infrequent trips to Mt. Pleasant, Bob and Art phoned to ask if it would be all right with us if each of them bought a lot near ours. Naturally we were as delighted over the proposal as they were and we drove back next day to see the lay outs. One lot, Bob's was right next to our and Art's half a block down the street. To dispose of their present homes advantageously and make plans for building, made their start a year later than ours. In looking ahead for storage of our goods from the time we had to move them till our new house was ready, I had a brilliant idea. I asked the contractor to give precedence to the garage in timing, so as to get it finished for moving our goods in by December 31. He agreed to try to do it and made good on it.

The plan worked out as scheduled as to timing and, on New Years Eve of 1949 all of our belongings were stored in the new garage, so that on January first of 1950 we were technically residents of East Lansing. As the inside finishing carpenter work is always the slow part in building, we actually moved in March first and were the first to move into a new home in the whole subdivision altho only by a matter of days. When the last payment on the building contract was made and the rights of possession along with the keys were turned over to us, this one level, ranch type house had, with a few extras like landscaping cost the exact amount received from the Mount Pleasant place. We enjoyed this attractive ranch styled house, particularly as Bob and Lucile's house began to take shape next door with lawns blending together and with Art and Maurine's in the same state of progress half a block down the street. Our 'shop talk' and interests were exclusively along the lines of building and furnishings. For that very reason we will take a little time off from domestic problems and follow up other activities.

One more Chapter on the
 "Retirement Years" and to bring
 the families down to date
 will be forth coming

